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NEW TIMES

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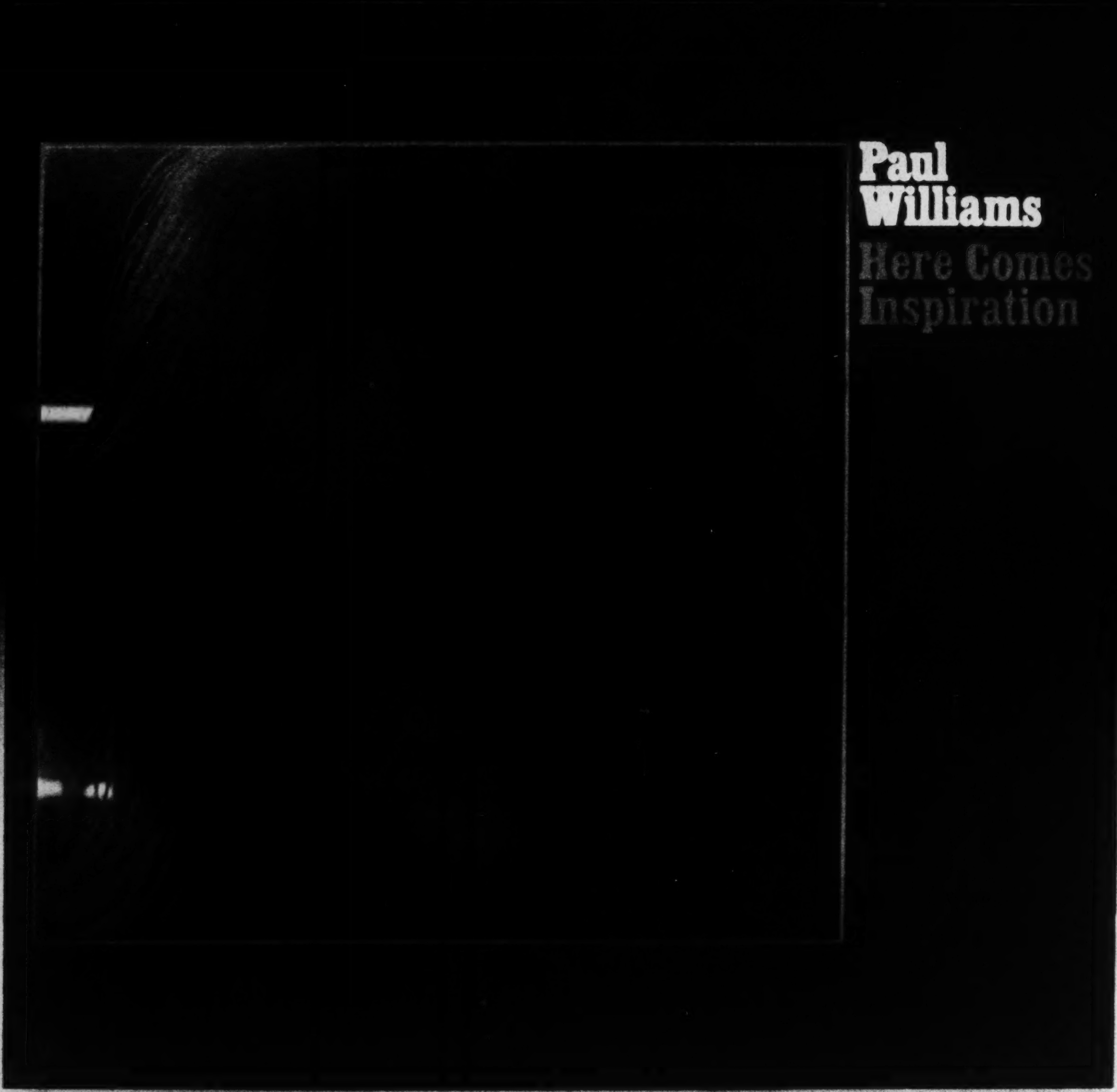

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Carolyn See

Marcia Seligson

In order for NEW TIMES to saturate the avalanching sex-magazine business for this issue's cover story, two writers, Carolyn See and Marcia Seligson, had to saturate themselves in the magazines the industry produces. Although this kind of research may seem to be the kind a 12-year-old's fantasies are made of, our writers found it a mixed blessing.

"It took me a couple of weeks to plow through them," says Carolyn, whose assignment was to rate the different books for NEW TIMES readers. "I was amazed at how many there were. It was very depressing at first, until I realized they weren't so much about sex as controlling your environment. I ended up using scholarly methods to deal with them—collating texts and so on. It was a real graduate student's trip; I hated to start the article until I had looked at everything seven times."

Carolyn, whose free-lance work has appeared in *Esquire, The Atlantic, Cosmopolitan* and *Sports Illustrated,* also teaches American lit and creative writing at a small liberal arts college in southern California. As it turned out, she found a dividend for her students while writing the piece. "You realize there's a huge market there for free-lance writers. I tell my class now to deluge *Coq* and *Gallery* with every short story they ever wrote." Carolyn's new book, *Blue Money*, an in-depth study of a group of the biggest pornographers in the country, will be published by David McKay this June.

In preparation for her profile of Doug Lambert, *Playgirl*'s Citizen Kane, Marcia Seligson also spent a week examining the sex mags. "I really had a great time doing the piece," she says. "But the thing that really floored me was looking through those schlock magazines, comparing penis sizes. I'm convinced that those magazines sell only because of what they show, and it's interesting to see who does what, who shows the most. It's something I never thought I'd spend part of my literary life doing."

Marcia, whose current book is *The Eternal Bliss Machine: America's Way of Wedding* (William Morrow), is now spending a lot of time with open-marriage and group-marriage couples in preparation for a new book about non-monogamous relationships in America.

George A. Hirsch

FIRST CLASS, SECOND CLASS AND JUNK MAIL

Letters

True Confessions?

I was aware of the fine art practiced by law enforcement people—the fine art of getting people to confess to crimes they never even thought of—let alone committed, but this is really prime material (*Did Peter Reilly Murder His Mother*, **Feb. 8**). I'm anxiously waiting to find out just who killed Barbara Gibbons but more than that—I really want to see Peter Reilly completely exonerated of all charges. For once I'd like to see justice win out for the right party. Please keep us posted on what happens to the boy—there are a few people here who still care and who still have some sort of conscience.

Sharon L. Garfield
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dylan

I remember sitting, quite stoned, in an apartment in Minneapolis, hearing a friend say, "*Blonde on Blonde* is a down on chicks album." I agreed. Looking back, the irony is less amusing than appalling (*Betrayed by Bob Dylan*, **Jan. 25**).

James F. Ilika
Monterey, California

The Last Word on the Super Bowl

Ron Rosenbaum's amusing article in your current issue (**Feb. 8**) might leave an erroneous impression regarding my appearance at an American Express function during the Super Bowl weekend in Houston.

I was, indeed, a guest of American Express there, but my exorbitant fee (no confirmation *here* as to how exorbitant—don't let legends die!) was my normal charge for a speech, one of which I delivered at their luncheon meeting.

My appearance at the dinner where I saw Mr. Rosenbaum was not contractual, but voluntary, enjoyable, and, not entirely incidentally, the practical solution to the crowded public dining halls.

Walter Cronkite
CBS News

The Vikings

I enjoyed the article about me in NEW TIMES (**Dec. 14**), but I have upgraded my clothes so I hope they are with the "times." You know that quarterbacks make more money than running backs so that is probably why I can't dress as good as Francis. Really, the truth is that he is jealous of my haircut.

Bill Brown
Fullback, Minnesota Vikings

Senator Robert Byrd

I have spent about half my adult life in private business and the other half in Government; and have never met a more able or conscientious man.

Stuart Symington
United States Senate

Among the people whom Senator Symington has known in his many years of public life are Franklin D. Roosevelt, General George C. Marshall, Harry S. Truman and Winston Churchill. Congratulations Bobby Byrd! (The Politics of Wheedling, **Feb. 8**)

THE WORD

Who wrote it? The answer is blowin' in the wind

Young Bob: did he or didn't he?

As profits from **Bob Dylan**'s national tour climb toward $3 million, Dylanmania is approaching an all-time high, but the early, involved, uncommunicative Dylan remains as cloudy a figure as ever. And the bits and pieces that keep turning up serve only to deepen the mystery.

The following story appeared in the Millburn (N.J.) High School *Miller* in the issue of December 19, 1962, beneath the headline "Wyatt Expresses His Thoughts; Sings a Song With His Heart."

" 'Blowin' in the Wind,' a song written by senior **Lorre Wyatt** and expressing the composer's own philosophy concerning the world's problems, is now the property of a well-known folk singer.

"Recently, the singer heard 'Blowin' in the Wind' while in New York, and bought the song and the rights to it for $1,000. Shortly after this, Lorre donated the money to CARE. When asked why, he replied, 'Just listen to the words in the song and you'll understand.'

"Last summer Lorre, an amateur folk singer and guitarist, put together a melody that had come to him in snatches. He began writing lyrics to it in early autumn, inspired by student president Steve Oxman's welcoming speech. Lorre says that the Communists and other such political groups are often blamed for the trouble of the world, but he pities these groups because 'they believe in something that doesn't believe in them.' He maintains that the real problem lies in the many ordinary people today who will not face the conditions that exist. He cites the quotation, 'none is so blind as he who will not see.' With these thoughts in mind, Lorre finished the lyrics to his song this fall. The Millburnaires, of which he is a member, added it to their repertoire and sang it in the MHS Thanksgiving Assembly."

Lorre Wyatt, who now lives in Greenwich Village, where he teaches guitar and has begun composing again after giving it up for several years, refuses to comment on the story. "That was another time and another place," he says.

"What more could a bunch of filthy scum want than recognition from such lofty sources?" asked New Hampshire newspaperman, **William Loeb**. He was referring to a recent U.S. District Court ruling enjoining the University of New Hampshire Board of Trustees to recognize the Gay Students Organization. Trustee **David Rock**, vowing to take the case to the Supreme Court, said, "Already, queers from around the nation are looking to UNH as a haven and sanctuary for their filth. . . . As the homos flock to UNH to be among their own kind, I fear thinking New Hampshire parents will tend to look elsewhere to send their sons and daughters." Despite the furor, the Gay Students have already planned their first function, a dance, to which all the trustees have been cordially invited.

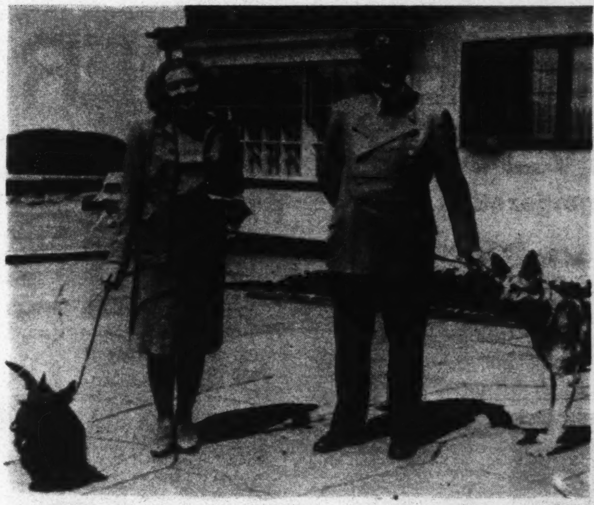
Frye as Nixon: prospering during the deluge

The country's biggest Watergate winner—with the possible exception of Gerry Ford—is impressionist **David Frye**, whose popularity has grown as Nixon's has plummeted. Frye does 18 personalities in his act, but the folks come to see Nixon. "People can't get enough of Nixon now," says Frye, "and I can't write it bizarre enough. The more anti-Nixon, the better. I don't even have to apologize like I used to."

Among Frye's choice Nixonisms: "Billy Graham offered me everlasting life, but I told him all I wanted was three more years"; and (delivered with Frye playing Wallace,) "I know why Nixon wants us to put our cars in the garage on Sundays. That's the day he's going to make a break for it."

Tom Snyder: sort of ridiculous

Tom Snyder, whose NBC-TV *Tomorrow* program taped a 15-minute segment at the Continental Baths during its recent visit to New York, has become the latest camp hero at the Manhattan watering hole. The establishment video unit recorded the segment, in which Tom described the Baths as a "sort of homosexual" health club, in mid-January, and ever since, at the Top of the Pits, the club's bar, the segment has been replayed regularly—much to the amusement of the club's "sort of homosexual" clientele.



Hitler with Eva Braun: oink

For those who need another reason to hate **Adolf Hitler**, it turns out that on top of everything else, the Fuhrer was an incredible chauvinist pig. According to a new biography by a couple of Nazi intimates, Hitler once said, "There is nothing finer than to be able to educate a young thing into one's own ways—a girl of 18 or 20 is as malleable as wax. A man must be able to impress his stamp on each girl. And that is all a woman wants, too!"

Bruce and Hoffman: hey, they do kinda look alike

Dustin Hoffman, fresh from his role as a French bore in *Papillon*, may be attempting a decent part again. The film is Julian Barry's adaptation of his own Broadway play about **Lenny Bruce** and it's now filming in Miami Beach for United Artists. Directing *Lenny* is **Bob Fosse**, Broadway's favorite choreographer (*Pippin*), whose two previous cinematic outings have been musicals, *Sweet Charity* and *Cabaret*. Life was a cabaret for Lenny, too, and if Fosse and Barry play it true to life, Lenny's hangouts may make the Kit Kat Klub look like American Bandstand.

From the what-energy-crisis? department: The New York *Times* reports that "persons afflicted by the gasoline-shortage blues may take slight comfort from **Bernard Markwell**. He said he recently pulled into a Gulf Station in Concord, New Hampshire, only to see a "no gas" sign. "The owner was inside and I knocked on the window and signaled him to come out. He told me he was out of gas. 'Like heck you are,' I said. 'Do you know who I am? I'm a vice president of Gulf Oil.' When he recognized the name, he filled up the tank."

Any Markwell impersonators out there?

The Exorcist has turned into a kind of Hollywood Watergate in that they are trying to cover up who acted the demon," **Eileen Dietz**, a New York actress, told *Daily Variety* in announcing her claim to the success of the Regan role, the 12-year-old girl who was apparently inhabited by as many actresses as demons during the making of the picture. Dietz, who served as Linda Blair's double, claims she was used in the film in scenes featuring demonic contortions, vomiting and levitations, while Mercedes McCambridge provided the devil's rasping voice. Warner Brothers, busily promoting Linda Blair for an Academy Award, has denied Dietz's contribution, saying that she appeared for only 30 seconds during the masturbation scene.

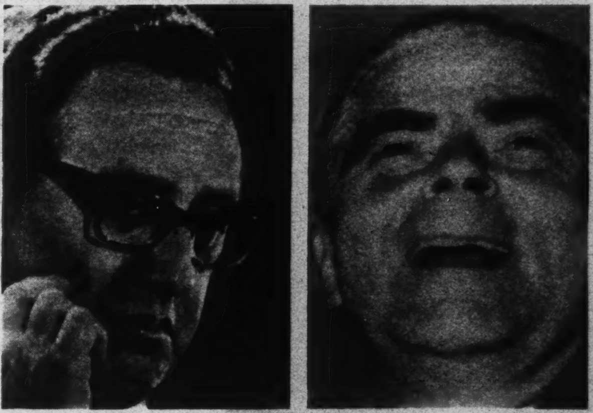
Stephen Sondheim, Broadway's reigning master-composer (with a *Newsweek* cover to prove it), made a tentative step in a new direction recently when he co-starred in a National Educational Television production of the 1929 Ring Lardner—George S. Kaufman comedy *June Moon*. Sondheim, type-cast as a sardonic composer-accompanyist, more than held his own in a cast that included the likes of Jack Cassidy and Estelle Parsons, but he says that the experience was enough to put him off acting permanently. "I liked myself with other people," he says, "but I didn't like myself sitting at the piano wisecracking. I do that better in a living room. I only did the part as a favor to [director] Burt Sheve-love. Frankly, it's embarrassing to me."

And did the experience teach him anything? "Yeah, I didn't realize that I never open my eyes."

Sondheim (center) with June Moon *cast: heavy lids*

Only in America could an elderly, dimunitive accountant named **Abe Beame** (a.k.a. "Shorty") upstage at a major social event the most powerful man in the world, undercover Chief Executive **Henry Kissinger**.

That occasion was the closing-night performance of Liza Minnelli's smash three-week engagement at Broadway's Winter Garden Theater. Fifteen minutes before curtain time Henry K and long-time sweetie Nancy Maginnes took their seats off the center aisle with a minimum of fanfare, despite the bevy of grey-suited Secret Service men that fanned out over the sold-out house as they arrived. No one in the audience seemed to care about HAK's presence; it was only 10 minutes later—in a dramatic curtain-time move, when Mayor Beame, wife Mary and associated party hacks showed up— that the crowd of mainly middleaged and/or homosexual couples burst into spontaneous applause. As far as could be determined, Henry and Abe did not get together at intermission to discuss either the former's Mideast exploits or the latter's celebrated agility at long division.



Kissinger: upstaged by . . . Beame?

THE INSIDER

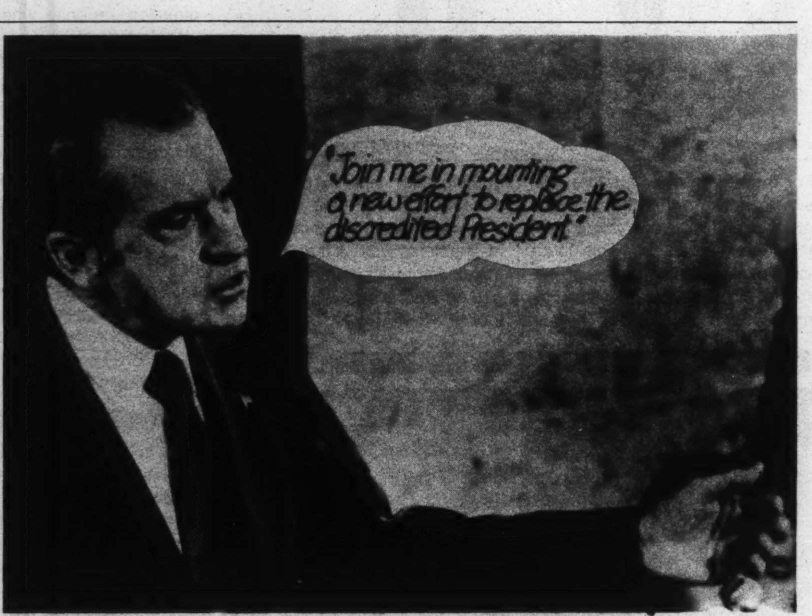
Larry O'Brien's secret;
Is Kissinger good for the Jews?
Sex, sports and the boardroom

POWER POLITICS

The O'Brien connection

Why has Larry O'Brien vanished from sight? It's one of the latest questions making the Washington cocktail circuit, and the theory attracting most attention is that O'Brien is being questioned about the Watergate break-in. It is no secret that O'Brien, who was George McGovern's campaign manager, used to be Howard Hughes' man in Washington for years. When the Watergate burglars were caught trying to bug O'Brien's office, there was some speculation they were really after information O'Brien had about Hughes' relationship with the Nixon brothers. Now, according to the theory making the rounds, O'Brien is being questioned by Watergate investigators about the same information—which could also be embarrassing to O'Brien himself.

O'Brien: being debugged


"Join me in mounting a new effort to replace the discredited President."

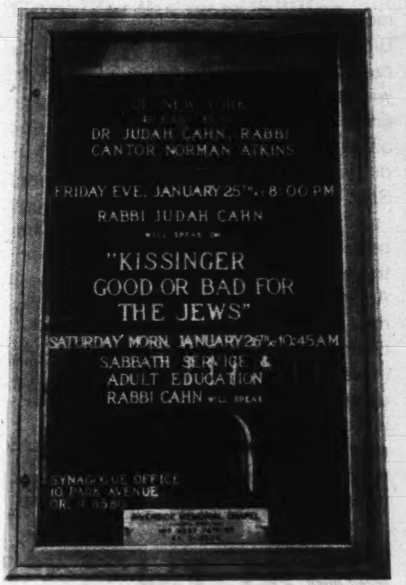
Slip of the union

President Nixon, State of the Union Message to Congress, Jan. 30, 1974. What he meant to say was "discredited present welfare system."

Ethnic Diplomacy

Long before the sluices of Watergate opened up, a night-club comedian was rolling them in the aisles with this joke—"Remember! If anything happens to Kissinger, then Nixon will become the next President." By now, Kissinger's power has ceased to be a laughing matter. He is very much our ersatz head of state. That fact seems to sit well enough with Gentiles, but it has strangely discomfited many American Jews. The billboard outside a Manhattan synagogue recently posed the question as baldly as possible: "Kissinger: Is he good or bad for the Jews?"

The fears center mostly on disquieting historical precedents. This fall the *National Jewish Monthly* sampled Jewish reaction to the appointment of Kissinger, a Jew, as secretary of state. A German-born eastern-seaboard professor responded, "I am dismayed. Historically, it has been a disaster every time a Jew has been put in charge of foreign policy." He was thinking specifically of Walter Rattenau of Germany and Leon Blum of France. Rattenau, a Jew, rose to become reconstruction minister and finally foreign minister of the Weimar Republic during the early '20s but was almost immediately blamed for Germany's ills and assassinated by anti-Semitic right-wing radicals. Blum, France's Jewish socialist prime minister during the mid-'30s, was later accused—along with Jews in general—of selling out not only his own country (by not keeping its defenses strong) but also Spain (by not reversing France's non-interventionist policy). The implications seem clear enough for Kissinger himself. Should he succeed, Kissinger the individual would receive the credit. Should he fail, Kissinger the Jew, along with all Jews, would be blamed.



The What-If-He-Comes-A-Cropper Theory has, since the Yom Kippur War, been displaced by the What-If-He-Leans-Over-Backward Theory. Jews, particularly in Israel itself, are fearful that Kissinger will betray his own people in his efforts to convince everyone that he is being even-handed. As Harvard professor Seymour Martin Lipset puts it, he is in "a doubly difficult—almost impossible—bind." A sociologist and political scientist, Lipset says, "The U.S. is not only an ally to Israel but also mediator between two bitter enemies and the unique spokesman for the U.S., in the sense that we would not be able to do it without him, is Jewish. It is the tightest of tightrope acts that you can think of in international diplomacy."

Yet the high-wire act goes on, to the sound of both Gentile and Jewish applause. Not even the Arab oil boycott, which has kept Americans waiting hours in line for gasoline, has diminished domestic political support for Israel, as many Jews at first feared. Indeed, under the circumstances, the absence of any anti-Semitic backlash seems encouraging. Holding an almost empty file of press clippings hostile to Kissinger, a spokesman for the American Jewish Committee quipped, "It's like the Sherlock Holmes case of the dog that did not bark."

Will the real plumbers stand up

President Nixon recently received a letter from one Reginald G. Anderson of Seattle, Wash., urging him to inform the public that the "White House plumbers" were not the kind who fix leaky pipes. Anderson, a plumber himself, felt the title given to Nixon's secret gang slighted the reputation of honest tradesmen such as himself.

SEVENTIES

"Sexegregation"

Although Title 9 of the Education Amendments of 1972 banned sex discrimination in federally aided education, the administrative guidelines—the key to how the law will be implemented—have been held up by bureaucratic inefficiency. How will school life be different under the new law? One of the most significant changes will be in traditionally sex segregated athletics.

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FRANKEL

Separate teams for the two sexes will still be allowed, as long as students of each sex are provided an opportunity to participate in competitive and interschool activities. But it is still not clear what happens to a girl who wants to join a boys' soccer team when there is no girls' soccer team. If the teams are kept "sexegrated," the issue of money becomes paramount. Today, schools spend millions of dollars more on boys' sports than on girls' sports. A case in Syracuse, N.Y., for example, charged the local school board with allocating $90,000 for male sports and $200 for females. A complaint against the University of Michigan charges that the school has no official intercollegiate athletics program for women, but spends over $2 million a year on men. In universities and high schools where football is big business, the new law will obviously have a jarring effect.—**Lucy Komisar**

Up from the locker room

Meanwhile, at a recent conference with *Sports Illustrated* editors, sociologist David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*) had some pertinent remarks to make on the subject of sex and sports. Asked about the effect of athletics on universities, Riesman surprised his audience by saying that participation in sports was invaluable training for both men and women, and that women who want to get ahead in the business world should take part in college athletics. Said Riesman, "The road to the board room leads through the locker room."

MEDIA

Some escapist "fun" from the National Star

In just two decades, K. Rupert Murdoch,

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SHOWBIZ
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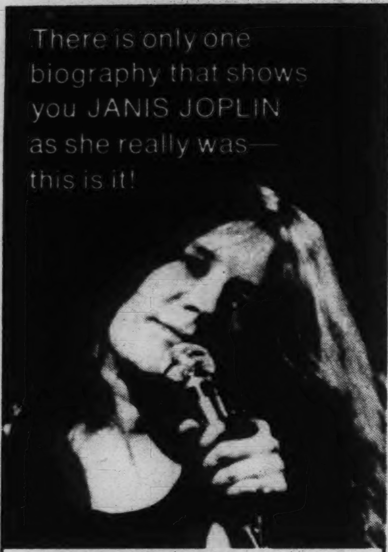

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the 42-year-old *Wunderkind* from Australia, has built a vast publishing empire—51 publications in Australia and New Zealand and another 40 in the United Kingdom—on the foundations of one small paper in the southern part of his country, the Adelaide *News*. Now he is staking out a new frontier in the U.S., bringing with him the mission of making money in an industry many have written off as dead.

Last fall he bought the San Antonio *Express* and *News* for $18 million. And now he has just started publishing a new American tabloid, the *National Star*, promised as falling somewhere between *Time* and the *National Enquirer*—a description Murdoch says was "half truth and half kidding." From there—who knows? One day he may even own your hometown paper.

Fueling Murdoch's mission is a conviction that a good deal of American journalism suffers from what he tactfully describes as "undisciplined writing." Put more bluntly, what he means is that much of our press is unrelievedly dull. At a time when unprecedented prestige is accruing to the investigative reporter and every copy boy wants to be a Woodward or Bernstein, Murdoch is here to tell us we ought to be demanding more in the way of "fun" from our newspapers.

Murdoch's most spectacular feat to date has been the revitalization of the London *Sun*, the former trade-unionist paper that had bombed out. In 1969 he bought it for the paltry sum of $600,000 down and $2 million total. Within 100 days of its renaissance as a tabloid, the *Sun*'s circulation had swelled by more than 600,000. Explains Larry Lamb, the boyish former *Sun* editor who Murdoch has brought in to run the *Star*, "We just restored some basic journalistic principles. That the reader matters. That we're a paper for him, not for other journalists. And that people don't really care about music and philosophy. They're interested in food, money, sex and crime." Others express the idea somewhat differently. "There's no mystery about Murdoch's brand of journalism," says one London writer. "He goes straight for the crotch."

Though aimed at a readership of 1.5 million, the new *National Star* will be produced by 30 editors and reporters, nearly all of them generalists. All but three of the editorial staffers are indigenous, six having been raided from the New York *Daily News*.

Competition is what Murdoch thrives on. "You grow lethargic in a monopoly market," explains Ray Dittrich, one of Murdoch's vice presidents. Among the serious problems will be getting into supermarkets (a primary outlet for the *Enquirer*) and acculturating American readers to the dizzying British format of the *National Star*.

Still, significant failure plays no part in the Murdoch experience, and there's good reason to believe that Americans, like Britons and Australians, may go for the "fun" approach. On the first day of publication, the *Star* sold out in New York City. As Murdoch says, "If everything happens here next year that is expected to happen—or the economists tell us is going to happen—maybe America will *need* a little escapism in its reading."—**Terry Pristin**

HEALTH

If you liked acupuncture, you'll love witchcraft

Now that acupuncture has safely established itself in even the stuffiest Western medical circles, other long-frowned-upon quasi-medical arts are trying to hop on the bandwagon. Like African witchcraft. Doctor Ondua of south Cameroun recently formed a society of African healers and mystics to study their art scientifically. At a recent medical congress, the doctor explained that the medical world stood to benefit from witchdoctor's knowledge in the same way it has picked up on the fine art of needling from the Chinese. African healing thrived long before colonial doctors, the doctor noted and added, "If we cured our illnesses with witchcraft then, we can do it now."

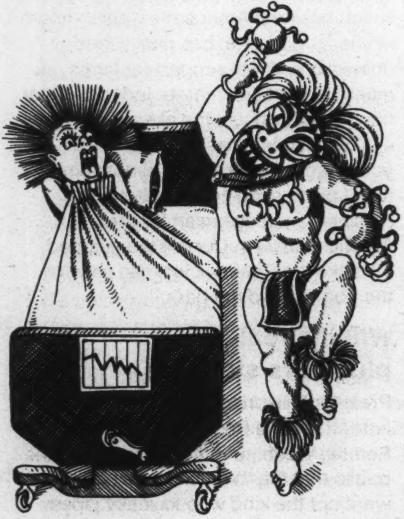


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY NORMAN

Consider the possibilities

In its book *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, the Boston Women's Health Book Collective has served up all kinds of interesting information. For instance, beans and rice eaten together are more nutritious than taken separately. Why? Because if you combine foods lacking certain amino acids with foods which have them, the protein value rises enormously. Other good combinations are bread with milk or cheese, and lentil soup with non-spongy whole wheat bread. Which are alot harder to order than bacon and eggs.

LAST CLIP

Five-dog nights

Miss Ella Schanz of Danby, Mo., spent 29 years in the same farmhouse with Mr. Weaver S. Terry. What she was doing for Mr. Terry was nobody's business, of course, until Terry died in 1969, leaving behind a sizable estate and no will. Ella demanded $58,000 in back pay, claiming she had worked for Terry. That sounded reasonable to a Jefferson County jury, which awarded her the money. But then a few neighbors started to say they thought she shared a bedroom with Terry and a judge overruled the jury, saying that she was not entitled to the back pay after all.

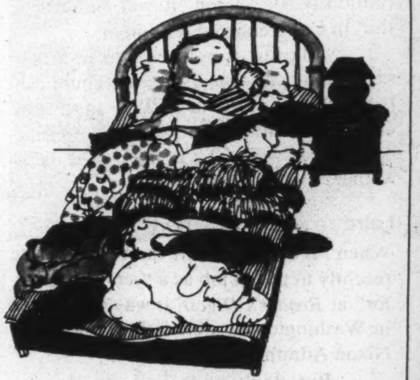
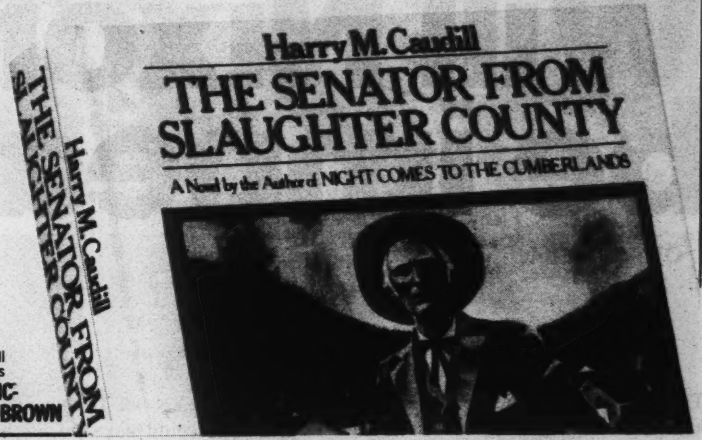


ILLUSTRATION BY CLARK FRANKEL

The case was finally resolved when a Court of Appeals recently overruled the judge on the grounds that new evidence had been turned up. According to Appeals Court Judge George F. Dunn Jr., "Witnesses who spent the night of occasion on the Terry farm noted that Ella and Weaver had their beds in separate rooms, that Weaver slept with a dog or two and, when it got cold, he would throw on a couple of more dogs. In the bitter Danby winters there were some five-dog nights."

"As deeply embedded in fact as a rich seam of coal in the earth of eastern Kentucky. Coal and mountain politics are, indeed, the interlocking themes of the book....As in All the King's Men, the corruption of power is here presented with cool and unflinching accuracy." —*Barry Bingham, Sr.*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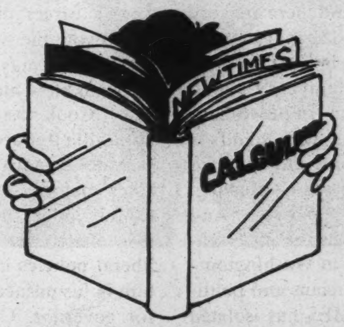

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Will Nixon be impeached?

Four Men to Watch

The impeachment question looms larger and larger, but clues to its ultimate outcome remain as scarce as ever. Most politicians have been buffeted into virtual numbness by the crosswinds of party loyalty, uncertainty about voter reaction and demands of conscience, and there are very few who may be perceived as indicators of anything more than their own circumstances. But there are a number of public figures whose moves on impeachment will, for one reason or another, signify a very great deal. For people interested in finding out which way the wind is blowing, those are the individuals to watch. And with the help of a score of the most seasoned political observers in Washington—politicians, aides to politicians and political reporters—NEW TIMES has isolated four of the men most worth watching. In coming weeks and months the public actions of three of them will reflect the mood of the forces that can bring about impeachment. The fourth, Representative John Anderson, is a leader in his own right, and whichever way he swings, he will carry people with him.

Cook

Marlow W. Cook, the silver-haired, mercurial senior senator from Kentucky, may have the most sensitive set of political antennae on Capitol Hill. "On controversial votes, I've seen him walk off the floor until he sees which way the vote is going to go," a Republican colleague told NEW TIMES' Bill Keller. "He did that with ABM and Carswell, I guess waiting to see if his vote would make the difference. He's an unpredictable swing guy, but usually in all the political somersaulting he comes out on his feet."

A Kentuckian who has followed Cook's career closely put it this way: "He'll vote the way he thinks the wind is blowing. Or maybe I should say, he'll let the wind blow him along."

Cook was an engineer of a strong Louisville Republican organization which he rode—against a sizeable Democratic voter majority—to the post of Jefferson County judge, the top county administrative office. He won a reputation for liberal policies in that office, which hurt him in his unsuccessful 1967 primary race for governor. Cook learned his lesson. When he came up against Katherine Peden, a liberal veteran of the Kerner Commission in the senatorial race the following year, he waged an effectively hawkish, law-and-order campaign.

Once in Congress he became a sort of metronome-moderate, shifting erratically from liberal (anti-ABM, anti-Cambodian bombing, pro-Equal Rights Amendment) to conservative (anti-busing, pro-L. Patrick Gray). He led the floor fight for Nixon on behalf of Clement Haynsworth; embarrassed by that defeat, he cast the deciding vote against G. Harrold Carswell. A Nixon surrogate in the 1972 Presidential campaign, Cook has, since Watergate, tried to keep his distance from the besmirched White House. So far, he has aimed his criticism at "scheming minds without a political background," carefully avoiding pointing a critical finger at the President. Friends say if he begins to train his polemical sights—even cautiously—on Nixon, it will indicate a shift in Congressional sentiment.

"Marlow is not given to unnecessary public criticism," said a Republican friend. "If he starts to criticize the President consistently, aside from on specific issues, that would be a heck of a bellwether."

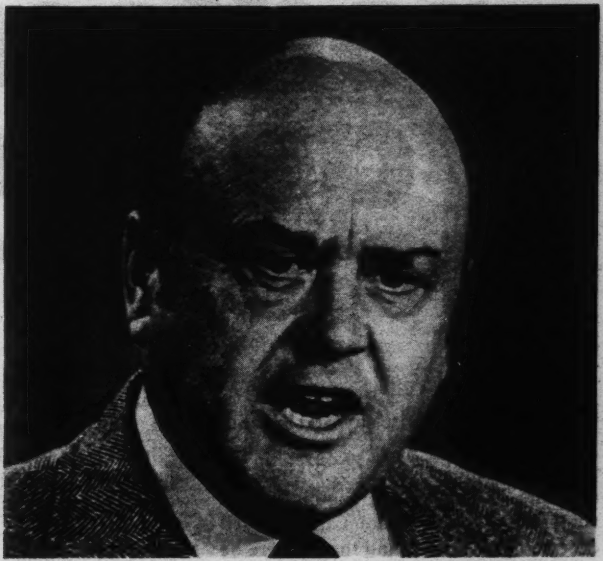
Laird

When Melvin Laird left the White House recently to take a job as a "senior counselor" at *Reader's Digest*, it was recognized in Washington as a clean break with the Nixon Administration.

But don't underestimate the influence and access Laird still has. Tough, canny and respected as a shrewd political forecaster, the former secretary of defense maintains intimate contacts with government, especially Capitol Hill, where he cut his political teeth between 1953 and 1969 as congressman from Wisconsin's seventh district. "He's knowledgeable, he's articulate, he's sagacious and he's known not to bullshit when the chips are down," said one House staffer. "Being out of government will make him less influential, but if you can find out what he's thinking, it's going to be a good measure of what Con-

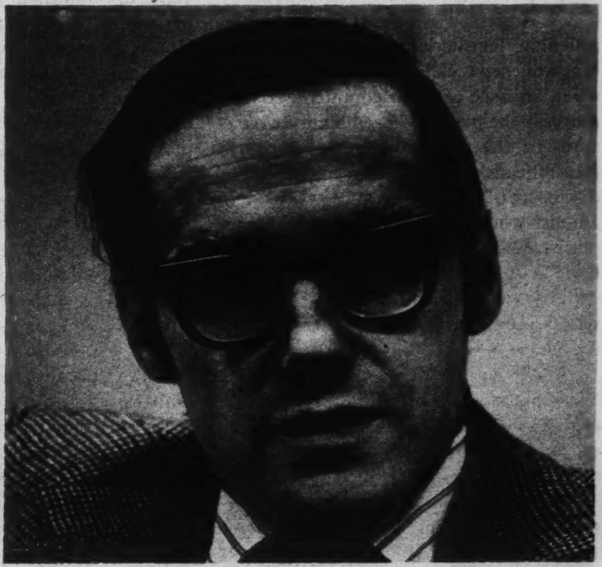
Senator Marlow Cook of Kentucky.

Melvin Laird. former top Nixon aide.



Representative John B. Anderson of Illinois.

Robert L. Bartley of The Wall Street Journal.



gress is thinking."

"He's a Hill-wise guy, and the Hill, particularly the House, is a reflection of the national mood," said Les Whitten, an associate of muckraking columnist Jack Anderson. "That's where Laird learned everything he knows, and that's where he rose to power."

Anderson is one of the quotable, articulate legislators whom the TV cameras and newseeklies invariably seek out when an issue calls for comment. His remarks in the past have been accurate measures of the moderate-to-liberal House Republicans' desperate wish for a credible disclosure of the Watergate facts, and their anguish when no such disclosure has taken place. When the evidence is out on the floor, a lot of Republican congressmen will be weighing, along with the transcripts and testimony, Anderson's persuasive advice.

"If he goes against Nixon," said a Washington correspondent for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, he will take a hell of a lot of moderate-to-progressive Republicans with him."

At the moment Laird has two motives for remaining guarded in his remarks. One is an habitual, almost impersonal loyalty to the President. The other is his own potential political future. Various handicappers have him running for governor or senator from Wisconsin, though, as Laird well knows, his home state has taken a sharp leftward shift since his heyday there. A few prognosticators timidly even mention him as a Presidential wishful. And if a Gerald Ford administration ever comes to pass, Laird would quite likely be invited to join his former Congressional cohort near the top.

So, whatever hints Laird may drop about the demise or recovery of the Nixon Administration will probably not be dropped in front of CBS cameras. Nor will they land in the pages of *Reader's Digest*. But he has been known to leak his observations to discreet columnists, most often the team of Roland Evans and Robert Novak. Says a top Washington correspondent, "He's somebody who likes to get credit publicly for knowing ahead of time what's going to happen. I think Laird would like to say something."

Anderson

With his landslide election margin (72 percent in 1972) and his stature in the House, Representative John B. Anderson of Illinois is one of the few Republicans who can afford to vote his conscience rather than out of political expediency on the impeachment question. Most of his colleagues think that's what he'd do anyway.

What makes him worth watching are his open irritation with recent White House obfuscations and his proven ability to sway the votes of a hefty number of House Republicans.

"He doesn't control any votes," said Republican Congressman John Dellenback of Oregon. "But when John takes a stand, a number of us look to him as one of the weather vanes. . . . If I were inclined to vote no on a given issue and I learned he was voting yes, I'd certainly want to know why."

Anderson himself, who has so far withheld judgment on impeachment, predicts it will take 30 to 40 Republican votes in the House to make a convincingly nonpartisan show of impeachment. "I think there are Democrats who would be dissuaded from voting for impeachment, no matter what their convictions, unless a respectable number of Republicans go along," he told NEW TIMES.

Robert L. Bartley

The editorial page of The Wall Street Journal is the business community's cabala. The stock and bond prices may be the stuff on which practical, everyday decisions are based, but the editorial page concisely reflects the attitudes of the business world. Richard Nixon and his heartiest supporters in Congress were, of course, elected with solid business backing. But most businessmen have already concluded that Nixon is bad for business and it won't take very much more to push them over the edge. And the *Journal* speaks for them.

Robert L. Bartley is the editor of the editorial page of the *Journal*. He is a professional conservative, ideally suited for his position by temperament and background, but Watergate has put him in a fix. Since early spring, Mr. Bartley has been cautiously, cautiously putting distance between the *Journal* and the President.

Robert L. Bartley is an extremely articulate, personable man. His office at the newspaper is functional rather than posh. His style is smooth, almost as if somewhere along the line his personality has undergone some kind of industrial processing. Disconcertingly, he frequently refers to himself as "we."

"Obviously, there's been serious wrongdoing in the Administration," he told NEW TIMES' Jack Friedman. "But whether this Administration is more scandalous than those of the recent past, I just can't say. We would need more information. Granted there has been a certain type of corruption, maybe even a more frightening type than the usual dollars and cents sort. The question is what effect this is going to have on our institutions in the long run. All the evidence we've seen so far is circumstantial. What we'd like to see finally is a serious inquiry on the part of the Rodino Committee."

And if it comes down to impeachment? Bartley raised an eyebrow and shrugged. But the implication was clear. One more serious slip, one chunk of concrete evidence, and business could be very bad for Mr. Nixon.

Chances are, of course, that in coming months the Nixon Administration will continue to make slips galore, and most of those slips will wind up making fat headlines. But to find out which slips really matter to the business community, the place to look is not on the front page, but on the editorial page of the *Journal*.●

...And another man to keep your eye on

"The hanging prosecutor"

By Nina Totenberg

The scene was one of those big, VIP Washington dinners. Albert E. Jenner picked his way across the ballroom and headed for the dais. Purposefully, he walked up to Vice President Gerald Ford. "Hi, Jerry," he said. "I just came up here to tell you not to worry about me. Really, don't worry."

"I'm not worried about you, Bert," Ford said. "Nobody is. Really."

But they are worried. Really.

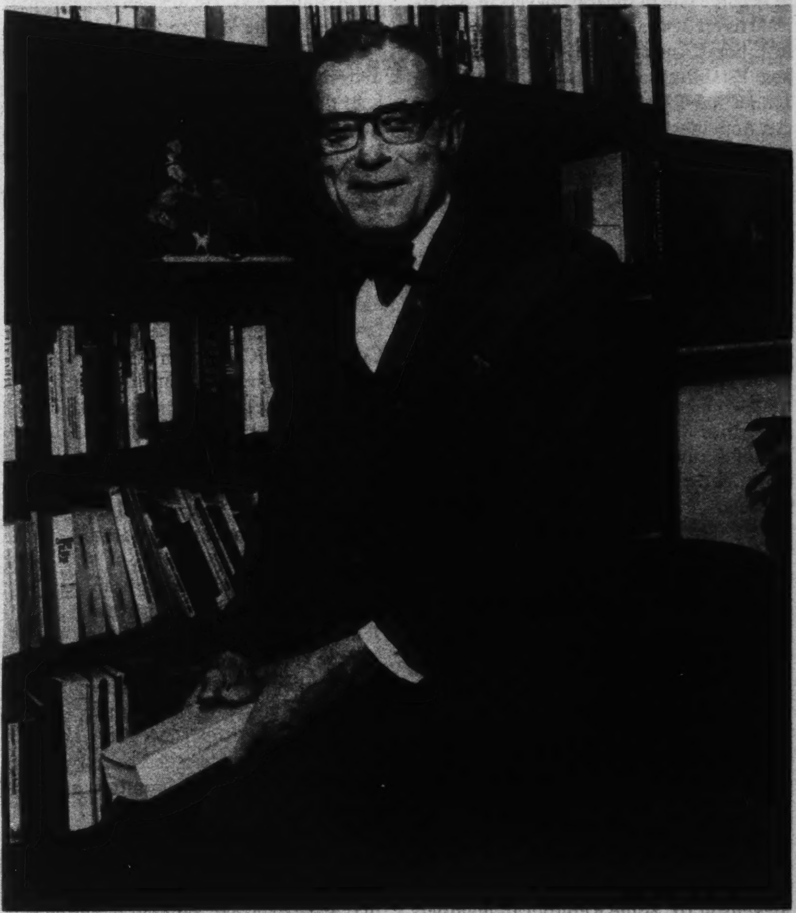
Last month the Republicans on the House Judiciary Committee hired Albert Jenner as their minority counsel for the impeachment inquiry. And now, much to their horror, Albert Jenner is threatening to tell them everything they really want to know about impeachment and are afraid to ask. He is one of the key men who can give the move to impeach Nixon the bipartisan flavor that it now lacks. And without bipartisanship, the impeachment is doomed. "I don't think the minority knew what they were getting when they hired Jenner," says one House Republican. "A lot of people wanted a shill."

Jenner is no shill. In fact, the Democrats are already calling him "the hanging prosecutor." If the Republicans want a shill, Jenner says, "then I'll go home."

Already, he has displeased many of his Republican clients. To begin with, he and majority counsel John Doar have organized their office like a law firm, with everybody sharing offices and information, and with lawyers, both majority and minority, assigned to task forces by specialty, not by politics. The office operates like a prosecutor's office, not like a two-headed Congressional committee as the Watergate Committee does. Moreover, in the next few weeks Jenner and Doar will produce a report recommending a definition of an impeachable offense. The report is not likely to limit its definition to criminal acts, and, consequently, most Republicans will reject it.

Jenner and the GOP committeemen have already hassled on the definition question. Shortly after he was appointed counsel, Jenner said in a radio interview that the President could be impeached "for actions of his aides, even if he didn't know" about the specific acts. When confronted by angry Republicans in a closed-door meeting, Jenner backed off his statement a bit. But those who listened closely noticed that he didn't back off his basic position that actions which are not crimes may be impeachable offenses. For example, Jenner believes that it is an impeachable offense if the President sets in motion a series of events that any reasonable man knows will lead to illegalities. The establishment of the Plumber's Operation thus might be an impeachable offense.

Another major issue on which Jenner and his clients now differ is whether the President can be subpoenaed to testify in person before the Judiciary Committee. Jenner privately says he thinks that the



Albert Jenner, minority counsel for the impeachment inquiry.

President can and should be subpoenaed. "He can always take the Fifth Amendment," Jenner says. But only two or three Republicans on the Judiciary Committee agree with their counsel. Either they will bow to his best legal advice, or he will bow to their wishes, or there will be a fight. And at the age of 66 Jenner is still a fighter.

The son of a Chicago cop, Jenner spent his boyhood in a neighborhood behind the Chicago stockyards, and went on to become one of the top lawyers in America. His credentials read like a Who's Who in Liberal America, Republican America and Establishment America. The liberal Jenner has fought the House Un-American Activities Committee, has represented William Kunstler, for no fee, in an appeal of a contempt conviction, has been a member of President Johnson's Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence and today is chairman of the American Bar Association's most liberal section, the section on Individual Rights and Responsibilities. Of the 14 blacks now serving in major Chicago law firms, five are in Jenner's law firm. Jenner's firm has nine women lawyers, three of them partners. In the late 1950s Jenner's firm was one of the first to take on free legal services work, and today it remains the leader in Chicago.

The Republican Jenner has worked at the precinct, ward and state level of GOP politics. "My father was a Republican, and therefore I am," he says with a grin. Jenner was a great admirer of the late Senator Everett Dirksen and was one of the Senator's key supporters; today, he is a member of Senator Charles Percy's kitchen cabinet in Percy's drive for the 1976 GOP Presidential nomination. The only flaw in Jenner's Republicanism has been his long friendship with the Adlai Stevenson family—a friendship that began with Governor Stevenson and has carried over to the Governor's son, Senator Adlai Stevenson III. Some Republican members of the Judiciary Committee were not at all pleased when they found out Jenner had given $1,000 to one of young Stevenson's campaigns and had sat on the dais at a Stevenson fund raiser.

The Establishment Jenner spends thousands of hours working for the state, local and national bar. He has been chairman of the American Bar Association's Committee on the Federal Judiciary, president of the American College of Trial Lawyers and president of the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws. He also served as senior counsel for the Warren Commission's investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy, and in the 1950s he helped lead the crusade against corruption in Illinois by serving as special assistant state attorney general. More recently, he was appointed by the Supreme Court to serve as chairman of a commission drafting new rules of evidence for the whole Federal court system.

Because Jenner is without doubt one of the ablest and most prestigious lawyers in the nation today, Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino offered him the job of chief counsel for the Democrats several months ago. Jenner turned it down because he didn't have full time to devote to the task back then, but when the Republicans sought him as their counsel later on, he accepted the position on the condition that it be part time in the beginning.

What many Republicans did not realize is that they could not turn a man of Jenner's caliber into a political lackey. "We're kind of anxious for him [Jenner] to be low-key—professional and retiring—and that's not quite his nature," Illinois Representative Robert McClory says nervously. McClory is the second-ranking Republican on the committee and was instrumental in hiring Jenner.

Representative Charles Wiggins, who represents Richard Nixon's old district in California, is more outspoken. "It may have been Mr. Jenner's experience in practicing law that he controls his clients," Wiggins says. "But that will not be the case here. If he fancies himself the spokesman for the minority, that is incorrect. He is to advise the minority on legal matters. That is all. If Bert Jenner takes the ball and runs with it, he'll be fired."

Says McClory: "It would be extremely awkward to fire him." Indeed it would. Shades of Archibald Cox.

Republicans are wary of Jenner because of the potential impact any impeachment move can have on their chances for reelection. One congressman has already dreamed up this nightmare scenario: "Nixon is going to be a very active President for the next month, sending us tons of domestic legislation—such as aid to education, veterans, the poor, etc. Then we'll see the oil embargo lifted. And then, about two weeks before our committee votes on impeachment, he'll fly to Moscow where he and Golda and Sadat and Brezhnev will drink champagne toasts and sign a Middle East agreement assuring us of peace on earth for all times. . . . Meanwhile, all us petty little assassins will be up here nibbling away at his power tower. That will really put the pressure on us."

This same congressman notes that if Jenner and Doar continue to agree on everything as they have so far, it is "going to be very tough for the Republicans to disagree—unless we've already discredited our own counsel."

A couple of newspaper columns—one by former Nixon speechwriter William Safire and one by Evans and Novak—have already taken a few serious whacks at Jenner for being part of "a stacked deck" against Nixon. Jenner was attempting to fight back when he sought out Jerry Ford at that dinner. In his own subtle way he was trying to tell Ford, "Don't worry about me. I won't be extreme. I'll do a professional, lawyerly job."

If he can do that, and still maintain his credibility with Republicans, then, as one GOP committee member put it, "He can be a crutch for us, if we find we have to vote for impeachment." ●

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Margaret Mead
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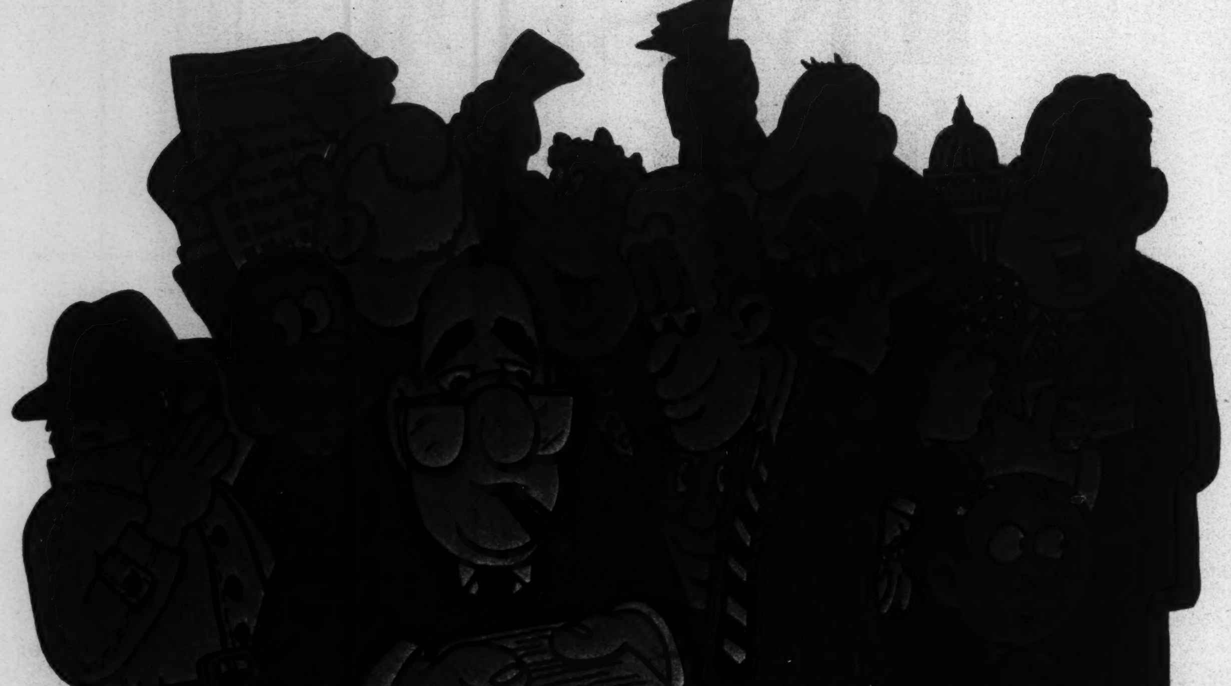

BILL #105
GAS-GAS

The Agony and the Energy Bill

A behind-the-scenes diary of how Congress fought long and hard to find a solution to the crisis—and ended up with a big fat nothing

By Arthur Hadley

Early this month, with two energy bills stalled in limbo as the Senate and House threw jurisdictional tantrums over them, Representative Bill Frenzel of Minnesota scolded the Congress. "We are proving to the people," he said, "that Congress lacks the ability to wrestle with the country's number one problem." Members of the Congressional leadership countered, saying that they "hoped" a bill would be passed "next week." But don't cheer yet. That same leadership promised to deal with the energy crisis before Christmas and what evolved were the kind of maneuverings that make politicians laugh at the term "political science."

It was last October 18 when, with high hopes and headlines, Harley Staggers, the apple-cheeked senior congressman from the coal areas of West Virginia, introduced a bill to: "Authorize and direct the President and state and local government to develop contingency plans for reducing petroleum consumption. . . ." Of the 12,150 measures introduced into the House last session, only 2 percent went anywhere. Most weren't meant to, were just thrown in the hopper to convince the folks back home that their congressman was working. But this legislation screamed: "I'm different." The country was in the middle of the energy crisis, the voters were angry and demanding action. And on the same day Staggers introduced the Emergency Energy Bill in the House, Scoop Jackson introduced in the Senate the word-for-word same bill—which, in fact, his staff had written.

In the beginning everything moved smoothly and swiftly in the Senate. Jackson, in a complex series of intracommittee deals, had the bill out of his Interior Committee and past the Senate on November 19, one month after its introduction. Staggers, meanwhile, made little progress in moving the bill to the floor of the House through the committee he chairs, the House Commerce Committee. "I've wanted to move," said Staggers, "but all my subcommittees were tied up and obligated."

House hearings didn't even start on the bill until November 20, and as the pieces of the Emergency Energy Bill moved through the subcommittees toward the full Commerce Committee, a host of pressures and distractions pressed in. One must think of these continually exploding and banging in the background, a gigantic rocket pinwheel, showering the members with sparks and noise and making it often impossible for them to read the all-important fine print. Lobbyists, who had been caught off balance by the speed with which the bill zipped through the Senate, focused on the House Commerce Committee. "Anybody who had a lobbyist or could hire a lobbyist told him to get on the plane and go!" says Representative Brock Adams of Washington. "These were the real McCoy," adds Representative James Symington of Missouri. "The guys from New York with slick hair and grey suits with vests. They were all over like dandruff on an old man's coat."

Each lobby had its own solution to some issue. The Ford Motor Company wanted to hold auto emission standards at the 1974 level. General Motors wanted to move immediately to 1975 standards. Ethel, which makes leaded gasoline, wanted standards rolled back to '73. All in the name of energy conservation. "I've never heard so much conflicting testimony on any subject in my life," said John Heinz of Pennsylvania who, along with James Hastings of New York, Symington and Paul Rogers of Florida, led the "don't slaughter-the-environment" forces in the committee.

Meanwhile, there was all the other legislation moving through Congress at the same time; key committee sessions were broken up by continuous floor votes on aid to Israel. There was House-Senate rivalry. And there were jurisdictional fights within the House. Members of the committee, for example, wanted to tax the excess profits of oil companies. But taxes are written by the Ways and Means Committee, headed by Wilbur Mills, one of the House powers. So, to keep the bill in Commerce, the committee members had to work out a tax that, among other things, didn't mention tax. The section finally was written and called "windfall profits." It certainly would have created a "windfall" for tax lawyers, but otherwise was something of an embarrassment even to its friends. But who could vote against

Special Contributor Arthur Hadley has reported for NEW TIMES *on the energy crisis, the Mideast War and Elliot Richardson.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

it? "Stick it to the oil companies, the way they stick it to the other side," said Representative Wayne Hays of Ohio.

There was also the beginning of Christmas fever, with a lot of parties and members anxious to get home. And since Jerry Ford had just become Vice President, there were also parties for good old Jerry, with sessions held afterwards, between 7 and midnight, the staff rounding up members for close votes. "Alcohol and exhaustion contributed mightily to the confusion," says a committee member. And so did Watergate. The President, involved in defense of himself, gave no indication of what energy legislation he wanted.

Next came what members called the "Christmas Tree," wherein they traded amendments to help their friends and screw their enemies. Hung on the tree were guarantees of fuel to buses, truckers, the tour business, farmers, the building trades, schoolteachers. "I'm snowed under little pieces of paper containing amendments I've never seen before," complained John Dingell of Michigan.

"Of course we could have avoided all this by giving broad powers to the Executive, the way the Senate bill did. Letting him decide. But with this President a lot of us were not about to do that," said Brock Adams. So, 125 amendments were offered in committee and 75 accepted. Among those turned down were "a ban on disposable containers," "free cash to insulate your house" and "make Nixon ride a compact."

Overriding everything was fear; Congressional mail was running heavier on the energy crisis than on impeachment. And old timers remembered what happened to the 79th Congress where 80 to 90 members who voted for gas-rationing were defeated on that issue alone in their bids for reelection.

Each night after the committee quit, the staff and a few die-hard lobbyists kept on grinding out the bill's new language, trying to agree among themselves just what their bosses had meant. Finally, the bill came out of committee, 25 to 13, a division that indicated trouble ahead on the floor. The complex bill was rushed through the Rules Committee and to the House floor a day later, two weeks before Christmas. Debate began before many members had had a chance to read the bill.

Usually, a man given a choice between reading Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* (my choice for the world's dullest book) and listening to the debate in the House would be wise to settle for Hooker. Not this time. Too much was at stake. The afternoon of Wednesday, December 12, the debate began calmly enough, the committee members explaining the bill on the floor of the House. There'd been an agreement that the 56 additional amendments to the bill on file at the Speaker's table weren't to be taken up until the next day.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13: When the House convened at 11 a.m., members were standing in the well, vying to get the Speaker's attention in order to have their amendments considered early while everyone was still fresh. They were all outfoxed by Tim Lee Carter of Kentucky, who said, "Let me go first. I just got a little ole amendment that changes one word." He did, too. Everywhere in the "windfall profits" section where the bill said "coal and oil," he moved to strike the word "coal," bringing the coal companies home free.

Among amendments turned down were: "free cash to insulate your home" and "make Nixon ride a compact"

Then, Dan Flood of Pennsylvania, one of the few characters who can hold the House's attention, delivered an old-fashioned stemwinder: "Do I understand that in this can of worms there is a proposal to include the coal people? . . . In 1924, no hear this, because you have my bowels upset, I had 64,000 men working underground in my district. . . . Do you know how many men I have today? Well, I am not drinking. I have not had a drink in four years, because the doctor says I cannot. . . . I have 220 men. . . . There just ain't no profits. . . . Profit in coal? . . . You are out of your cotton-picking mind. . . . Profit in what? There ain't been no coal."

Faced with such logic, what could Staggers—from a coal area himself—do but agree to the amendment. The amendment passed. Meanwhile, where there had been 56 amendments at the Speaker's table at the beginning of the debate, there were now 67.

John Dingell, a liberal Democrat from Michigan, whose own children are being bused to public schools, introduced the amendment so many members feared, particularly the suburban liberals: to conserve energy by prohibiting busing to all but the nearest school. In effect, this would stop busing that was designed to achieve racial balance.

Dingell's amendment had been defeated in committee, and those managing the bill on the floor thought they had the bare handful of votes to turn back the amendment. But they had not figured on a move by Bella Abzug of New York.

"Sit down, Bella, don't speak, please don't," friends who were trying to defeat the Dingell amendment begged her. But she lunged to the well of the house and, first, attacked the Chair, Richard Bolling, perhaps the outstanding expert on House rules, telling him he didn't know how to rule. Then she said Dingell was inspired by "demagoguery and racism."

In a practically unheard of move, the House asked, and the Chair ruled, that Abzug's remarks "violate the rules of the House and impugn the motives of [Dingell]." Her words were striken from the record. She sat down.

"She swung about 20 on-the-fence votes to Dingell. He has a lot of friends," one of the bill's managers said privately. "Bella knows she creates an anti-vote," said another of her friends, "but she won't admit it to herself." The antibusing amendment passed, 221 to 192.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14: The biggest problem now was that political killer, gas rationing. The Republicans wanted the Democratic-controlled Congress to vote for gas rationing. The Democrats wanted rationing to be a purely Republican horror story, a bomb going off in the White House and nowhere else. In committee John Heinz had fought to have the authority for gas rationing rest with the Congress. And he had lost. Now, Heinz brought the matter to the floor. The White House staff was behind him. Enough Democrats split to pass the measure on a voice vote where no one had to go on record.

As Friday night rushed toward Saturday morning, there was no time left for members to even explain their amendments. For insiders, there were ways around this. One of the managers of the bill would make a point of order against the amendment, permitting the man making the amendment to explain it while seeming to argue the point of order. Those without committee friends had a rougher time. They had to ask unanimous consent to speak for one minute. Usually this was granted. Not always. As tempers snapped, Pierre duPont of Delaware refused to let Ken Hechler of West Virginia speak for even 15 seconds because Hechler had once blocked du-

Pont's resolution to create a National Check Your Vehicle Emissions Month.

Finally, the House voted, 265 to 112, to send the bill on to conference with the Senate. Now it was up to the seven conferees from the House, led by Staggers, and the 11 from the Senate, led by Jackson, to reconcile the two bills and in secret write the final legislation.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17: Room S-407 under the roof of the Senate, where the House-Senate conference began, is called a public-hearing room. But it's the sort of public-hearing room in which you hold a public hearing you don't want anyone to find. It's up one flight of special stairs, which feature a "no admission" sign at their base. Then down a long, narrow corridor to two massive oak doors. A handful of lobbyists, usually about six, and a gaggle of reporters, usually about four, camped out before the doors. From time to time Fred Webber, managing the bill for the White House, would wander by with his cigar and, like everyone else, wonder what was going on inside. Now and then a senator or staff member would come out and the reporters and lobbyists would tail after him. "Sir, section 202, on coal for steel furnaces, is that still exempt?" After a time a pattern emerged. The industry lobbyists talked to senators. The public service lobbyists talked to staff.

"We're going to try and get a bill out today," said Jackson at the start of Monday. The conference recessed at 7 that night with no bill.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18: "We're going to try and get a bill out today," Staggers said in the morning. The conference recessed at 10 that night with no bill.

Just what was going on in secret inside depends on whom you talk to. Democrats say that though there were many votes and some tough questions, by and large all went smoothly because everyone agreed there was an emergency and there had to be a bill. Republicans say that the Democrats had the votes and knew it; that their purpose was to make the Congress look good and the Administration bad.

Several problems developed in conference. First the White House had no bill. Normally, the Administration sends to Congress the program or law it wants and the two houses work from that. But here, Jackson and Staggers had created legislation without any certainty that it was what the other half of the government wanted. The White House did have an energy bill in reserve, but had elected to keep it very, very secret. One can see why. For example, section 203 reads in part: "The President is authorized during any energy emergency to establish priorities of use . . . and rationing systems . . . notwithstanding *any* other provisions of State or Federal *Law*." Lose power by the Watergate, but hope it floods back through the energy gate.

The Senate bill had given the President—through his agent, William Simon—fairly broad powers to handle the crisis as he saw fit. The House bill hemmed in the President, made him come back to Congress for authority to start his programs. Edmund Muskie, one of the Senate conferees, solved this by giving Simon different degrees of power until different dates: broad powers until March 1, less after that, the House version after June 30. Some parts of the Christmas tree were taken out, others left in. The antibusing and "no-oil-for-Vietnam" amendments vanished; environmental standards were made stronger. The gas-rationing battle that the Republicans had won was now regarded by the White House as one that shouldn't have been fought. With the White House having suddenly changed its mind, Heinz's amendment was killed.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19: The conference turned to "windfall profits," the tax that wasn't a tax. There was no mention of such a tax in the Senate bill. None of the senators and none of the House Republicans liked the language in the House bill; but all the Democrats agreed there had to be an excess-profits tax. Again, Muskie provided the compromise formula. He recommended using the same strategy that had been used on excess profits during the Korean war. Hold off starting the taxes for one year, until '75; but then make them retroactive back to '74. This would give the tax-writing committees of the House and Senate a chance to produce a professional excess-profits tax, rather than the half-assed measure before them. Slowly, the final compromises began to be argued and gaveled out, line by line, by exhausted men.

But now, down at the White House, which had been immobilized by a power struggle between Roy Ash and the Mel Laird-Bryce Harlow team, William Simon intervened on the side of Ash, and tipped the balance. The power struggle was suddenly and finally won by those who favored a broad grant of power to the Executive. Was the House-Senate conference producing this type of legislation? The conference had been so secret the White House wasn't sure, but had heard enough to judge, correctly, that the bill would be far more restrictive than the President now wanted. Nixon called Jackson and Staggers on the phone in the conference room and asked them to come to the White House. They declined, citing separation of powers. Nixon called back and asked if Simon could come to see them. Jackson agreed. Staggers wasn't sure, but finally said he "would grant him the right this time." Simon, who hadn't known what was happening, was found in his car on the way to a TV interview and was turned around and sent to the Hill. Members who had ducked out to have a good dinner when the conference recessed at 7:30 came back early to hear him.

Simon, though, had no idea what the conference had already decided. So two White House lobbyists, Fred Webber and Tom Korogolis, made the key mistake of having Simon meet downstairs in the Senate dining room with the Republican conference members first. Some good Republican talk followed, and the Democrats were kept waiting upstairs for close to an hour. When Simon arrived at room 407, tempers were short. Senator Lee Metcalf of Montana chewed out Simon to his face and refused to attend any conference with him. Jackson and Staggers forbade Simon entrance to the conference room and made him go into a little anteroom off the corridor where he could talk to those conferees who chose to listen.

The conferees pulled themselves back together considerably shorter in temper and less inclined to compromise than before Simon's arrival. Still, they broke up shortly before midnight with what they thought was a final agreement.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20: When the staff went to work over breakfast sausages, the agreement fell apart over a minor issue of wording. Tempers were so shot that the ruckus lasted a whole day before a firm and final agreement was reached.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21: The House and Senate were scheduled to vote at noon on the bill the conference produced, to enact the law that would heat, cool, speed and slow our lives. But when the working morning began, neither the press, the members of Congress, the White House nor the industries and unions involved had seen copies of the bill. Members sent their staffs to the printing office, but there were not yet any copies.

Most of the members had plans to leave for home later in the day for the Christmas weekend. At 10 a.m. snow began to fall, making those who lived far away frantic that their travel plans might be messed up, particularly if the day's work dragged on. Meanwhile, at the White House, Simon's staff and Ash's staff were finding the bill unacceptable. They objected to 1) the Energy Agency budget's being funded directly by Congress instead of passing through the White House budget office; 2) the "windfall profits" section; and 3) the requirement that oil companies make public the figures on their reserves and refinery runs. They also wanted what became known as "Simon's laundry list"—things he would be able to do without Congressional approval.

White House staff members brought their demands to Jackson and his staff shortly after 11. Unless the demands were met, they said, there would be a Presidential veto. At the same time, Senator Russell Long of Louisiana was finally getting a copy of the "windfall profits" section of the bill and getting ready to fight himself. He would not buy the Korean war compromise. The oil industry was so badly regarded today, he told Jackson, that the Congress might not pass fair legislation; and then the industry would be crippled by the tortured provisions of the House bill.

Members were dancing on their desks, waving thumbs down and shouting, ". . . Send the damn thing back!"

Long, and two other senators, began a mini-filibuster. While talk droned on the floor, the White House people went to work. "Anywhere we could cut a deal, we cut them," a White House aide said later. The main action began in the high-ceilinged office of the Vice President, right off the Senate floor, then shifted to Mike Mansfield's majority leader's office. Staggers and Dingell told Mansfield that the House would never accept Simon's laundry list, and would insist on an excess-profits tax and a disclosure of oil company data.

The White House struck a final deal with Jackson, Muskie, Long and GOP Senate leader Hugh Scott. The deal was that Simon's laundry list would be forgotten; the "windfall profits" section would be deleted; and the oil companies would give their data to Simon, who would pass the information on to the departments of Interior and Justice only. In a meeting with the Senate leaders, Staggers said no to the deal.

The Senate okayed the deal 52 to 8. But by amending the conference report rather than accepting it, the Senate had created new legislation. Now, it had to find a way to get the package back to the House while bypassing a further conference. The Wild and Scenic Rivers Bill, which had been agreed to by both Houses, was brought to the floor of the Senate and the entire load of the emergency energy legislation hooked on as an amendment. At 6:35 p.m. the Senate passed the amended Wild Rivers Bill and sent it to the House, certain that, in a few hours, the House would approve it.

But Staggers, Dingell and the other House conferees, who had been in and out of the Senate floor all afternoon, wandered back dejected to the House side. There, the Republicans went back to their offices. The Democrats went to Carl Albert's speaker's office to try to decide what to do next. "They felt they'd been had and they were mad," said a staffer who watched them.

The tactic they agreed on was that Staggers would bring up the Wild Rivers Bill with his own amendment to the Senate amendment. The Staggers' amendment put the "windfall profits" tax back in the bill, but in a more workable form. This move required a suspension of the House rules. And to do that, a two-thirds majority would be required before the bill could pass. The Democratic House leadership took a quick count and felt it had that majority. Then Staggers—still angry at the White House, and leaning against the wall because he was so tired and was coming down with the flu—made his mistake. He thought he had enough votes without calling on the Republicans for help. So he never contacted his committee Republicans who had stuck with him throughout the conference. They walked out on the floor without knowing what was coming off and although several of them stuck with him out of friendship, they didn't do any arm twisting to help him get other Republican votes.

By then, many members had left for home, including a great number of people whose votes Staggers had counted on. And when Staggers made his move and introduced his amendment, members were dancing on their desks, waving thumbs down and shouting, "Strike out everything but the word 'wild' and send the damn thing back"; "That Committee could fuck up a one-car funeral"; "Don't let the Senate shaft us."

Even then, the vote was 196 for Staggers, 95 against. A switch of only four votes would have given him his two-thirds majority. A total of 168 members were not present. "If I'd realized it was so close. . . ," Staggers mused later.

"House Kills Energy Bill" read the headlines the next day. The House lost. The Senate lost, but ducked the blame. The Administration lost, but scrounged some of the missing powers elsewhere. And those rivers that were to be protected, they certainly lost, dead innocent bystanders of the energy battle.

And what's that? You have no heat, you can't drive and your tube just went dark. . . . Ah, well. ●

Galloping into the void

There's been a lot of talk lately about the time being ripe for a man on horseback, a demagogic figure who would move in, take over and get America moving again. Somewhere, Alan Otten talks in the *Wall Street Journal* of the possibility of "a shrewd and ambitious spellbinder." Nicholas von Hoffman has speculated in the Washington *Post* about an "energy Wallace."

Now we don't necessarily subscribe to any of this, but we recognize that there indeed are a slew of individuals out there who would dearly love to be sucked into a power vacuum. So, in the interest of public enlightenment, we offer a few of the more likely candidates for Man on Horseback '74. Find one you like. If you can.

McIntire

[illegible] a fundamentalist [illegible] the son of a missionary [illegible] the Reverend Carl McIntire [illegible]. But there are a lot of people out there who take the word of America's self-styled "number one anti-Communist" as gospel.

The Reverend's latest hassle with the forces of the left involves "the terrible monstrous tyranny of the FCC," which revoked the license of one of his radio stations for "highly racist, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Roman Catholic" programming. In retaliation, McIntire has outfitted a minesweeper as a 10,000-watt transmitter, but he is meeting with more government pressure on that. Still, Big Mac remains defiant. "I'll be happy to go to jail for freedom from tyranny," he says.

Well, we can hope.

Max Rafferty

Max Rafferty was the superintendent of schools in La Canada, California, in 1961 when he decried an educational system that at worst created "duck-tailed, unwashed, leather-jacketed slobs whose favorite sport is ravaging little girls and stomping polio victims to death," and at best youngsters who "squeal and turn traitor when confronted with Red psychological warfare." Being what it is, California elected him State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

But in 1970 he lost his state post to a black former assistant. So Max moved to Alabama, where he hangs around Troy State University denying he has political ambitions. Hypocrisy comes very easily to this guy. He'll be back.

Anthony Imperiale

Big Tony Imperiale, Newark's Greatest White Hope, has come to political fortune (if a seat in the New Jersey State Senate may be construed as such) by articulating (if the sounds he makes may be construed as such) the bitterness of the city's ethnic white population over the growing power of blacks in the area. Big Tony got his start after the '67 riots, when he organized a vigilante patrol force which, he says, was "ready to shoot to kill." At the moment his political stock is soaring—due to his fight against Kawaida Towers, a low-income housing project, and he recently announced that he will make his second run at the mayoralty this spring.

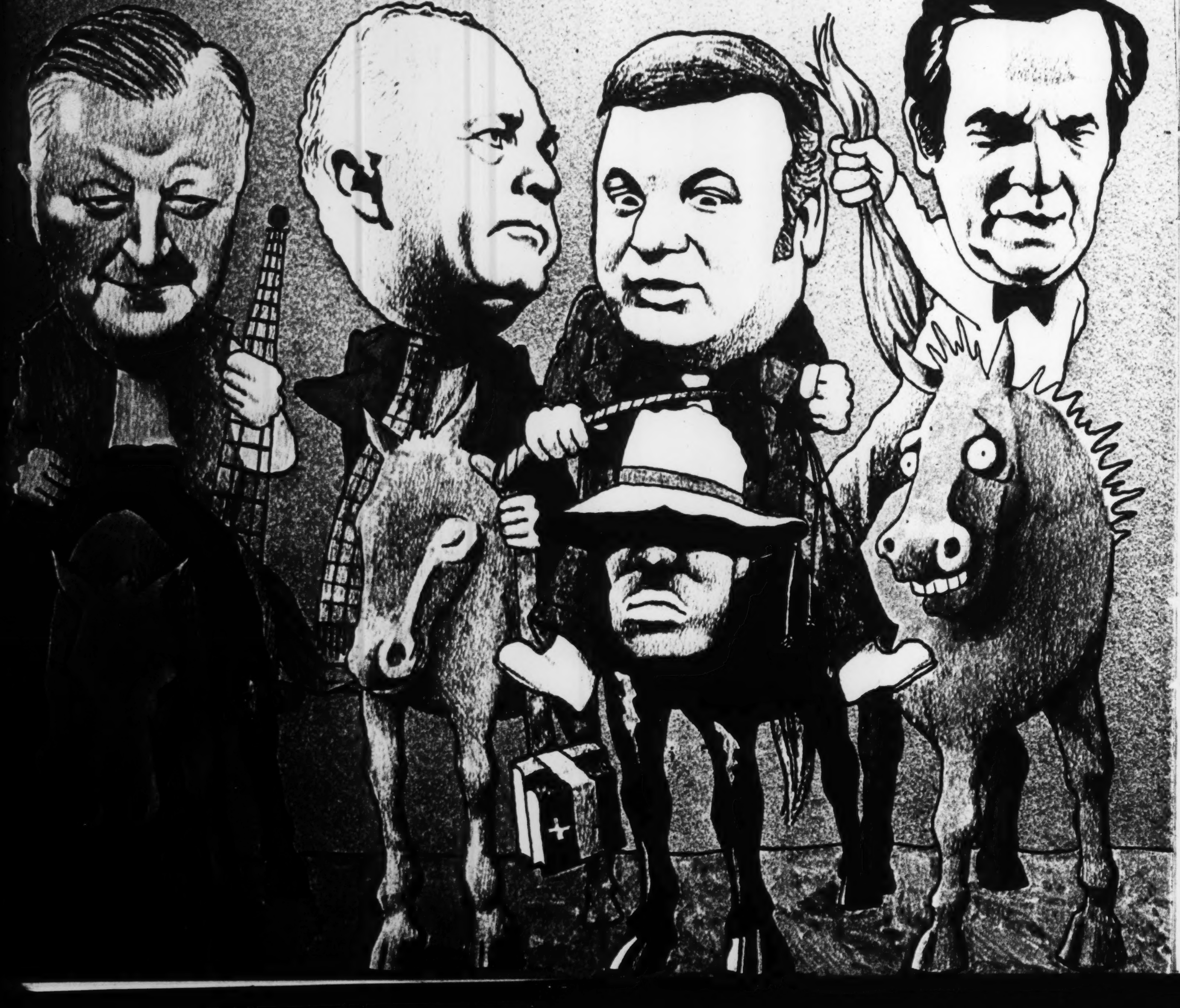
Everyone who knows Imperiale recognizes that his ambition is boundless. Who knows, today Newark, tomorrow . . . well, New Jersey, anyway.

Al Capp

"The Herblock of the right," as Bill Buckley has called Al Capp, has really dropped from sight lately. Just a few years ago he could be found almost weekly on late-night TV, drooling like a mad dog and sneering at anything having to do with youth, progressivism or reform. "The President showed angelic restraint," he noted on one of these occasions, "when he called students 'bums.' "

Then disaster. A Wisconsin coed charged Capp with sodomy, attempted adultery and indecent exposure, and in early '72 he pleaded guilty and disappeared.

But he's out there somewhere, cursing and snickering and waiting for an opening.



George Wallace

When George Wallace became palatable to "the decent little people" in this country, it became clear that maybe the little people weren't so decent after all. For all his alleged populism and all the pathos surrounding his physical state, Wallace's appeal is still summed up in one word—BLACK. He's agin' it.

Sure, he now shows up at black mayor conferences, but that is political show. The last time he ran for governor he didn't hesitate to tell a bunch of white factory workers that "300,000 nigger votes is mighty hard to overcome."

And now he's on the upswing again. "I can't walk yet," he said recently, "but you can't keep a good man down." No siree, no doubt about it, the Wallace Presidential campaign will be rolling again soon.

Frank Rizzo

Frank Rizzo ain't the sort of guy you'd want to run into in a dark alley.

In 27 years on the Philadelphia police force, Rizzo was repeatedly charged with brutality. As the city's police commissioner, he dubbed himself "the toughest cop in America" and he was elected Philadelphia's mayor in 1971.

Last summer the chairman of the Democratic City Committee claimed that Rizzo had offered him a bribe. The mayor, after loudly denying the charge, flunked a lie-detector test.

Rizzo is now making noises about the governorship.

Hey, Ratso, move over.

Lester Maddox

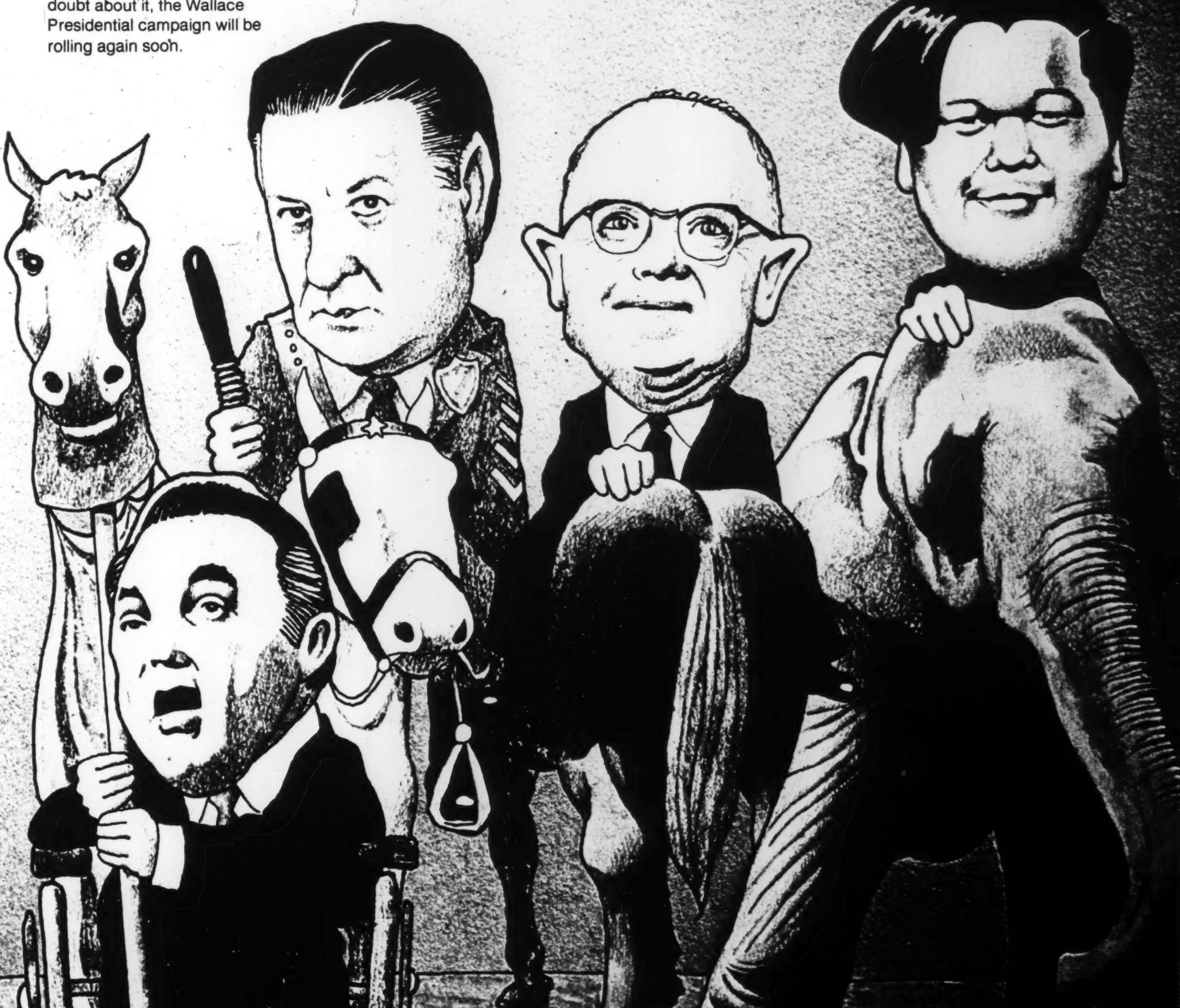
Lester Maddox persists in making an ass of himself. As governor of Georgia, he banned the wearing of miniskirts in the State Capitol, rode a bicycle backwards and admitted that his favorite song was "God Bless America."

But there actually appears to be method to his imbecility. Elected as an arch segregationist, he ended up doing a lot of pussyfootin' as governor. When he left office he was at the height of his popularity. Maddox just may have hit upon the right combination of flamboyance, populism and demagoguery, and if he can get anyone outside of Georgia to take him seriously, we might all be in a mess of trouble.

Guru [illegible]

[illegible] Houston Astrodome [illegible] significant event in human history," [illegible] right to an ego.

And the [illegible] strong law-and-order [illegible] once commanded his [illegible] "Do meditation, [illegible] beat you [illegible] hanging touch."



COQ
PET
YEAR

NUDE TIMES

1

An illuminating exegesis of several of the best candy-sex magazines...

By Carolyn See

The white American male saves his real erections for the right kind of stereo, the right kind of Scotch, the right kind of intellectual diversion and only then the "right" kind of woman. Nobody wants to take a dog to the Senior Prom; nobody wants to be married to a raw-boned lady in a shirtwaist dress. And that there is a flood of candy-sex magazines on the current market may be because (A) Ideally, there is a "right" kind of girl for every occasion; (B) American men, like the Great Gatsby, are continually changing into their platonic idea of themselves; and (C) there is still the famous madonna-whore syndrome.

During the past few years, women's liberationists have recalled to our collective consciousness the madonna-whore syndrome. Men have been silly, the ladies say, in their attitudes toward women, and they've found paintings to prove it; a dying Savior tended at one end by his mother (who is—what else?—a saint!) and by, at his other, "lower" end, weeping copious tears, Mary Magdalene—a fast lady and a good looker.

Those same women's libbers point to *Playboy* and its plentiful imitators as the apotheosis of that famous madonna-whore syndrome, the epitomy of man's vision of woman as sex object. Well, maybe so. But a brief perusal of candy-sex magazines leads, it seems to me, to another, even more depressing idea of what woman means to modern American man. The real syndrome here would seem to be madonna-whore-consumer product.

Playboy, mostly because of the relentless pontifications of Hugh Hefner,

Glossy sex magazines are the hottest thing in publishing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNY TILLMAN

has become over the years the old fogy of candy-sex magazines, finally turning out girls who are basically nude *madonnas*, thus giving rise to the need for the *Penthouse* whore. The last reason for all these magazines—*all these magazines!*—may be summed up by what one doleful ingenue of porno flicks once told me. She was forced to be a legal secretary for six months out of the year, she said, because men liked variety, see, and in spite of heavy makeup and nylon wigs and every other gentle subterfuge, if they *recognized* you doing it up there on the screen, they weren't turned on and needed another girl.

Here, then, a scholarly glance at some of the sex magazines that flood our newstands.

Playboy: Sometime, if you want to get depressed and the energy crisis or President Nixon isn't enough for you to get it on, try thinking that Hugh Hefner is a major role model for young American men. Leave out the part about his bunnies, his two (equally gooney) ladies in Chicago and L.A.; leave out his round bed, so solemnly documented in *Playboy*'s pages; leave out his Mansions East and West, his underground grotto, his "Playboy Philosophy"—wherein he recorded (in, I believe, the early '60s) that it was a crime against nature for a couple to have sex if the woman was on top—leave all that out and remember only that Hugh Hefner is a man who chain-drinks Pepsis.

Anything that has broadened the sexuality of the nation perhaps shouldn't be maligned. It's nice to be able to look at naked women, and naked men as well, but *Playboy* is, by now, much less a girlie magazine than a guide to conduct and upper-middle-class consumerism. *Playboy*'s pages today will carry lovely ladies, flawless, well-coifed, flat-stomached and barely shaded with pubic hair, but this publication is basically for the social climber, the man who's been to college, or wishes he had. Accordingly, we find in its pages pieces by Saul Bellow, Vladimir Nabokov, Sean O'Faolain, John Kenneth Galbraith. To read *Playboy* is to be *in*, presumably, and its "on the scene" personalities have a fashionable *verité* about them. Finally, to make it in this country you have to buy, and buy right. And so, in this hitherto modest magazine we find full-page ads for Canon Cameras ("the final step upward"), Chanel No. 5, Harrah's Hotels, a "Phone Butler" to answer your phone, Paul Masson wines, Puerto Rican rums, Johnny Walker Red, J&B, Seagrams Extra Dry, Canadian Club, Old Grand Dad. And pages of ponderous text on the Annual Report of the Playboy Foundation. Old Grand Dad indeed.

Penthouse: Men still like to look at breasts, and a few years ago, not to belabor a well-known chain of incidents in American popular history, an audacious entrepreneur named Bob Guccione remembered that all over again, with phenomenal success. *Penthouse* has *women* in its pages, women with, for instance, downy hair along their forearms

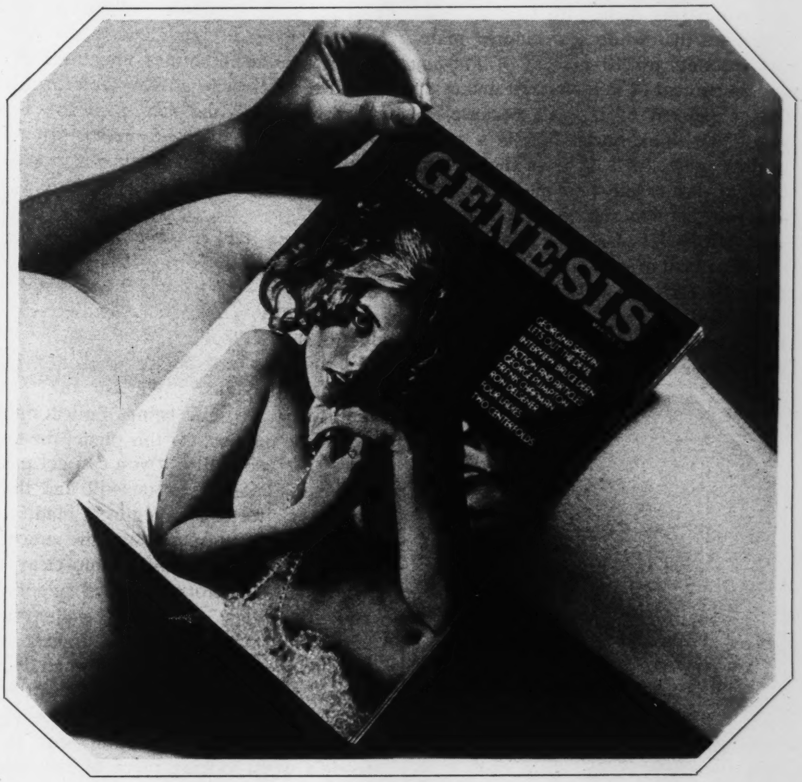
as well as in that other obvious place. *Penthouse* women are often partially clothed, in part of a burnoose or a pair of frazzled stockings. They are often spread-legged. They pose with cats. They pout. They leave their mouths open. They fondle themselves. They look as if they want to have sex. The effect is startling.

Where *Playboy* letters still ask the same old questions (a man's wife won't respond to him, a bachelor is afraid to ask pretty girls out on a date, a young man is troubled by premature ejaculation), *Penthouse* letters to Xaviera Hollander talk about the use of whips, the simple fun of incest and transvestism, even male homosexuality.

The fiction here is good but without the college catalogue flavor. And yes, *Penthouse* is crammed with ads, which, next to all that pubic hair, is, at the very least, disorienting.

Oui: So Hefner was aced out by Guccione and, rather than tamper with the venerable *Playboy*, created his own new rival to both magazines—*Oui*. (Supposed to be "international" in outlook, *Oui* really did have at one time an entire French staff somewhere—and may still have.) If *Penthouse* offers "whores," sullen lovelies photographed with every fantasy-prop known to man except the rubber suit with 120 buttons, *Oui* does the same, only more so. (Women in these magazines are always *about* to do something really outré, like suck on a garden hose. That they never get around to doing it is part of the charm.) Let it be said that *Oui* appears to carry a kind of tension between its mindlessly lascivious, almost-fuck pictures and its editorial content, which is often satirical, dry and comparatively anti-sex.

Gallery is, to my mind, a waste of good money. Save what you'd spend on 10 issues of *Gallery* and buy yourself an electric toaster, or even a night with a real girl. *Gallery* is *Playboy*'s slavish, unimaginative imitation, right down to the typography on the cover and the hopeful chain of "Hustler" Clubs which the magazine advertises for franchise across the country. (Hustler Clubs already exist in such sin-centers as Cincinnati, Akron, Columbus and Toledo.) Dumb, dumb, this magazine is dumb. The editorial attitude seems to have been, "You like stockings? We'll give you stockings. . . ." And there, served up, are a flock of ladies in the stockings, corsets, gold chains of your choice. The air brush is not very evident in these photos, the ladies often squint



into the sunlight and, yes, the girls are beautiful, but some of them are obviously holding their shoulders back. A word to the wise is sufficient. Few ads, compared to the competition; less well-known names in the table of contents.

Genesis: Do you rember how "made-in-Japan" used to mean a cheap imitation? Well, here's another one. Rocky Aoki, who made a fortune in his chain of Benihana-of-Tokyo restaurants, has invested in what he must consider another sure thing. Aoki has thought about it, he tells us, and in examining his competition—*Playboy, Penthouse* and *Oui*—has broken down each magazine into "sex-oriented material, fiction, fashion, interviews and modern living." After collating his texts and comparing them with *Genesis*, Aoki concludes that while sex-oriented material accounts for 10 percent of *Playboy* and 24 percent of *Penthouse*, it makes up only 4 percent of *Genesis*, because, he says, "We think our reader is a pretty healthy guy. . . ." It is a bewitching thought—just exactly how much of his life and time a man should devote to sex. This successful Japanese businessman says 4 percent of it; there may be a lesson here. *Genesis* makes a beginning in the traditional way of new magazines with high aspirations. If it can't afford to hire class names, it can at least interview them, and so this particular issue includes pieces on Cat Stevens, Joe Namath, Hugh Hefner and Laurence Olivier. The girls here are very pretty and include a full-blooded Iroquois named Minoka Morningstar, posing in headdress, ethnic jewelry, etc. Which reminds me, there are few if any Mexican girls in there or any other pages of candy-sex magazines—or blacks, or Chinese. The reader, "pretty healthy guy" or not, would seem to want his women wanton but white Protestant.

Coq. Melvin Belli is a stockholder in this endeavor and is interviewed in this "premiere" issue. He is irate about various subjects. The publisher, a George Santo Pietro, writes a publisher's note to the effect that *Coq* will be the magazine for "young emergents." "We are all," Mr. Pietro says, "cosmic beings pulled right out of the pace set for this planet for the last 3,000 years." But if you can get past the textual nonsense, you will find that *Coq*'s art director is a genius, a mad scientist of prurient interest and the almost-unspeakable act. In one photo-essay a beautiful girl performs a set of splendid atrocities with a Coke bottle (a gallant salute to the magazine's name, right?). In another an equally beautiful woman does everything possible with cakes of glittering ice; in another a demented beauty contemplates oral copulation with the world's worst-looking piece of raw fish. Every woman here is photographed against backgrounds of deep black and velvety red. *Coq*'s world of sex is dark, lush and yucky. If I were a man I'd subscribe.

As an antidote to the mind's dark places, let us turn for a moment to the venerable standbys—some of them almost as old as *Playboy* itself; *Rogue, Duke, Stud, Stag, Men* and *Sir*. These belong in a single category, because the closest scholarly comparison turns up no differences between them. Few concrete products are advertised in these modest pulp pages—the reader presumably can't afford much. Notable exceptions are an "Amazing Spy-Eye," which enables the buyer to peer through solid walls at the lady next door, and "Finlandia, Vodka of Finland." Other ads exhort the reader to learn electronics or be a locksmith or a meat cutter or to learn to "speak like a college graduate." You don't see any literary greats in these pages. Aside from non-fiction reminiscences about the Battle of Dieppe, the fiction takes us back to a recent, but far less complicated, point in time. ***Rhonda and Her Knockers Bowled Me Over!*** one bewitching title tells us, and in a memorable quote from another story in another magazine, a girl remarks. "Faster, faster, I can't stand it! Faster, faster, damn it, FASTER!" As for the girls pictured here, it's a different

America's whiskey and how to enjoy it.

It isn't easy, sneaking one past a three-inch goalie.

So when you do, you ought to celebrate. And a Seven Sour is what you ought to celebrate with.

All it takes is lemon juice, sugar, and of course, Seagram's 7 Crown.

Give it a shake, dress it with fruit, and you've got it made.

But no matter how you like your whiskey—in a sour, with soda, or on the rocks—you'll like it better if it's Seagram's 7 Crown.

It's light, smooth, and uniquely versatile.

That's why, for 26 championship seasons, it's the whiskey America has liked best.

Seagram's 7 Crown.
It's America's favorite.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80/86 PROOF.

THE SEVEN SOUR:
To the juice of one lemon, add one teaspoon fine sugar, and 1½ ounces Seagram's 7 Crown. Shake with ice. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

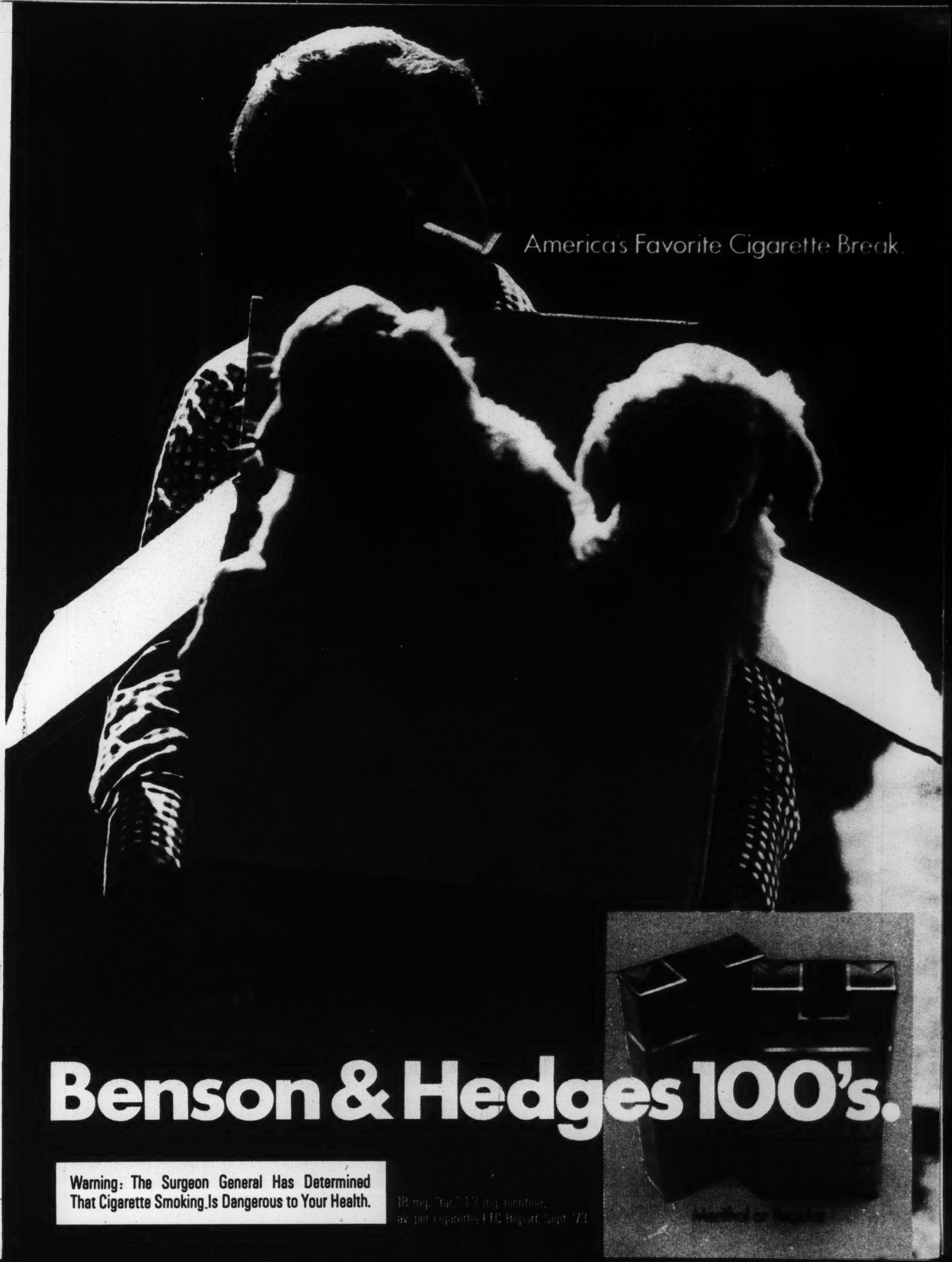
world. *Real*, I guess the word would be. Comparatively real. These girls pose not on cakes of ice but on Naugahyde couches and (rumpled) double beds. They drape themselves with Levi jackets or bath towels or belts or T-shirts or nylon blouses. They are chunky, weighing an average 40 pounds more than the fashionably lean ladies in the Big Three. Their stomachs pooch out along their thighs. Some girls stand on their heads, or lie on the floor with their torsos up on a bed, to avoid the problem of sagging breasts. In a charmingly dumb photo-essay in *Rogue* a lady poses nude on a golf course. I mean, that's *it*. A dear, silly lady standing out on the green, waving. It's enough to make you turn in your Ph.D. and learn how to be a locksmith.

Playgirl: A special interest magazine—or is it? There are those who salute *Playgirl*, for all its goofiness, as a genuine force in women's liberation. I'm not sure. It is, I think, a great leveler, for women as much as men. A terrific soulless concentration, the coldest imaginable, and deadly curiosity come over me as I look now at William Lewis, Ph.D. in Hispanic studies, nicely moustached, hairy from chest to upper thigh, naked from head to toe, entirely visible and vulnerable. I've seen better, Dr. Lewis, what can I tell you? Other photo-essays, I imagine, are not intended for a female audience. These writhing couples, with their feather boas and beaded shawls, are a little too cute for words. The editorial content here is uneven. One item stands out over all; cartoons of a kind which have never, to my knowledge, ever seen daylight. ("That reminds me," one disgusted wife says as her husband dresses to go out. "Be sure and buy some toothpicks on your way home.") Hostility between the sexes goes both ways.

Players: Of, by and about blacks, but presumably *for* everybody. For those who thought there was no difference in girlie magazines, this is the proverbial 180 degrees away from *Playboy*'s undergraduate breasts or the self-conscious raunch of its two top imitators. *Players* takes for its province what blacks have traditionally had more than enough of—style, flash, humor. Here are outrageous fashions, handsome black devils in full-length furs kissing gorgeous girls even a girl would love to kiss, while beneath, a crazed blurb states, "Dap Daddy can't get down enough in his dyed mink black jacket . . . ." Madly beautiful African lovelies with almost shaved heads and lavishly oiled bodies lie back on something *between* those abstract cakes of ice or those soiled Naugahyde couches. There are brains at work between these covers. No pseudo-culture, no Nabakov (the saints preserve us!) but swell, fast stories by black unknowns, interviews with interesting blacks, funny cartoons, unpretentious text and another brilliant art director at work.

The above are only a dozen out of the hundred or so girlie magazines that have come and gone in the 20 years since *Playboy* first uncovered the female chest. Critics and consumers alike presently worry about over-kill in the field of candy-sex. They needn't. It seems to me that the interest in these magazines will never diminish because what they offer is only incidentally a picture of every conceivable size and shape of breast. What they really offer is a deceptive glimpse into a world where things don't go wrong.

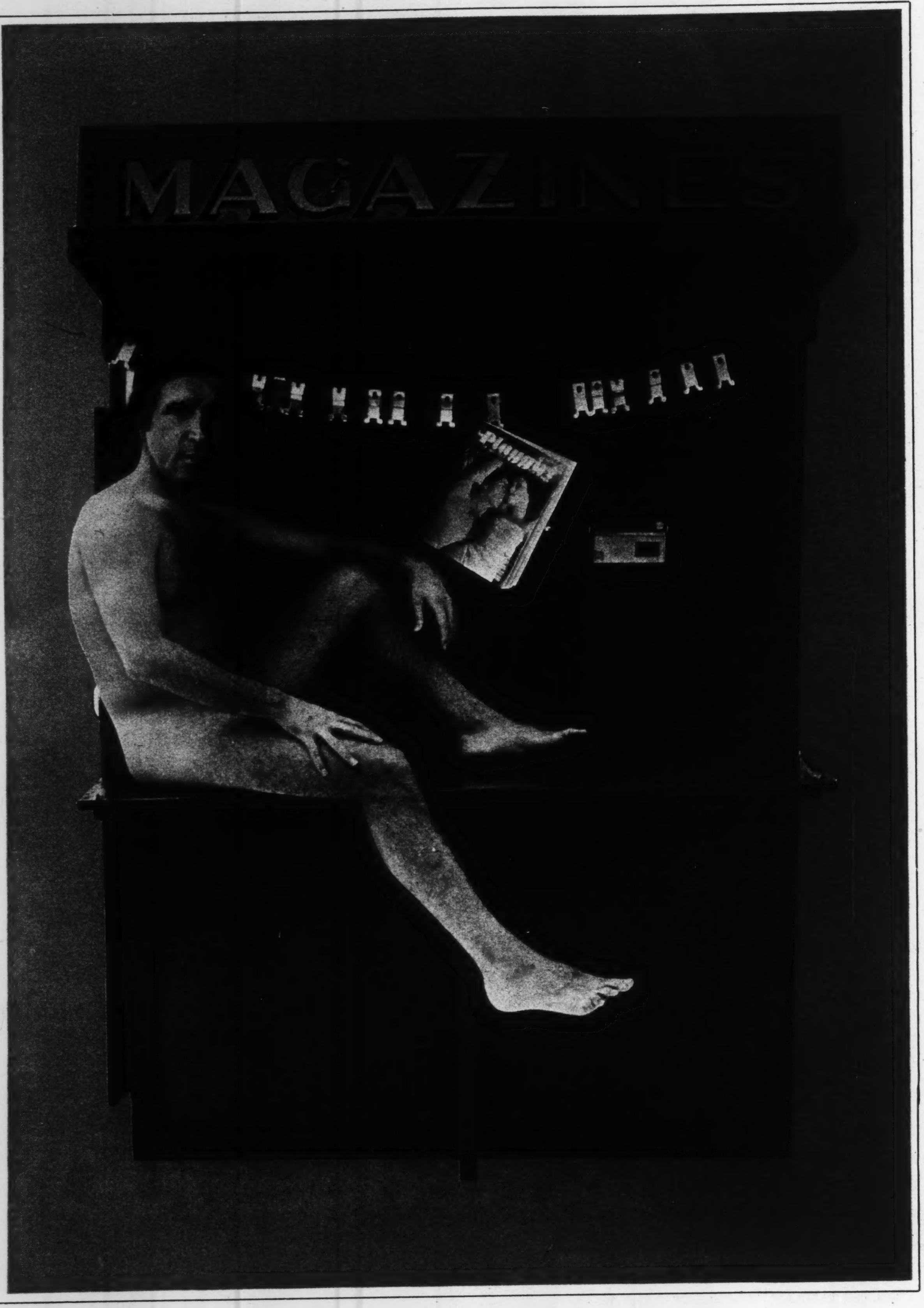
Candy-sex is a world where ladies not only enjoy sex but don't smell funny before or afterward. A world where ice isn't cold or desert isn't hot, where sex can be improved by frank talks and helpful hints. A world where nobody feels blue or silly or uncomfortable or sad or out of it or absent-minded or itchy or thick through the middle. Mostly, where no one feels *out of it!* It's not just middleaged divorcees, insurance agents and victims of premature ejaculation who suffer from being out of it. To be out of it is the human condition, as ubiquitous as blushing, as depressing as original sin, as universal as death. Let me say—only in the spirit of pure knowledge—that I have known a genuine editor of *Playboy*, as handsome and personable as his position might suggest, who was shy with women and told jokes to cover it up. Rudolph Valentino himself once went out courting a girl who didn't care a noodle about him, caught a nasty cold and ended up soaking his feet in a tub of hot water. As long as men fall out of love with their wives, as long as reality continues to disappoint us with its lackluster unbroken chain of mostly tedious events, men—and women, too—will purchase whatever magazine comes closest to their fantasy and eagerly open to the centerfold. ●


America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
Menthol or Regular

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Sept. '73.


MAGAZINES
Playboy

NUDE TIMES 2

And, a few words about the amazing Doug Lambert, founder of *Playgirl* (hottest new magazine in history)

By Marcia Seligson

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNY TILLMAN

Douglas Lambert, sitting behind his $5,000 African wood desk, aims an aggressive index finger at me and says: "You wanna know why we're so successful, honey? I'll tell you why. It's because 90 percent of the people out there are just like me. They have a taste for shit!"

In response, I don't know whether to laugh or to move to another country.

Douglas Lambert is the founder and publisher of *Playgirl* magazine, now in its ninth infant month of existence. To the unknowing observer, *Playgirl* seems to be just another dreary variation in the recent onslaught of Skin Schlocks, the only apparent difference among them lying in whether the feast for the reader consists of exposed female genitalia or "at rest" penises. ("At rest," I should like to point out, is possibly the only *DE*-vulgarized euphemism in the entire lexicon of an industry that has given itself professional permission to sit around all day long and say "pussy" without guilt.)

Playgirl features male nudes, but the major difference between it and the others—and this is the reason that I am sitting across from Douglas Lambert in the first place—is that *Playgirl* happens to be the most successfully launched and fastest-growing magazine in the history of publishing. What that dizzying fact means precisely is the following: For *Playgirl*'s first issue, last June, 600,000 copies were printed and sold out within 10 days; by the fourth issue it had doubled its circulation, to 1,200,000; it is now over 2 million each month. "It took Hefner 10 years to get where we got to in six months," Lambert brags, speaking truthfully.

Compare those numbers to the current circulation of *Cosmopolitan* (1,200,000), Hefner's *Oui*, 1½ years old (1,750,000), *MS* (300,000) or to *Playgirl*'s ostensibly closest competitor, *Viva*, inaugurated at the same time, never selling more than 750,000 copies and already rumored to be going under.

The offices of *Playgirl* are on the 23rd floor of a new building in Century City, the most expensive commercial property in Los Angeles. I am awed by Lambert's own office—floor-to-ceiling windows with a spectacular vista encompassing the Pacific (over 10 miles away) on one side and the lush Bel Air hills on the other, decorated in superb ultra-modern glass and chrome, reds and purples. Just as I am not prepared—considering the auspices—

Doug Lambert knows male nudity sells.

Doug Lambert
doing hot things.

for this tasteful opulence, so am I astonished by first contact with its inhabitant. I had not expected Henry Luce, for God's sake, but—Li'l Abner?

Thirty-nine year old Lambert is a native of Bristol, Tennessee, who ran moonshine from the ages of 10 to 16. His speech is not good-ole-boy Southern but hillbilly cornpone, unreproduceable, unfortunately, on paper. In startling contrast to his splendid surroundings, Doug Lambert's garb is Montgomery Ward mail-order brown shiny suit, plaid tie so wide it could—and should—be vertically cut in half and on his fingers two gross rings that may or may not be diamonds. There is an Elvis Presley likeness to the man—perhaps it is the 1957 d.a. hairdo—but minus Elvis' sexuality. Vulgar/jazzy in the manner of an Ozark singer who has just struck it wildly rich with one hit record and everything he does with his money is just all wrong.

Present at our meeting—and all subsequent encounters—is Phil Paladino, Lambert's public relations man, who tries to interject, interpret and intercept as much as he can of what Lambert says. Lambert's talents are evidently considerable, but the ability to project Corporate Image is not way up on the list.

"Mr. Lambert," say I, "how did you get the idea for *Playgirl*?" He answers: "When I saw Burt Reynolds naked in *Cosmo*, and saw what a winner that was, it came to me, *that's* what women want. If a woman says to me she wants to see a man's smile, his eyes, I say, 'Don't lie to me—you want to see a man's dong, that is if you're normal.' You take Presley or Tom Jones on stage and you watch where the women in the audience are lookin'. They're lookin' right at the guy's dong. That's all."

I would like to tell you that "dong" is the most oft-repeated word in Lambert's vocabulary, but I don't have to. The p.r. man and I blanch simultaneously for the first 10-or-so times; then, as these things happen, the word eventually loses its power.

This man, judging by American standards of measurement, *does* seem to know what a helluva lot of women want. An ex-employee, who helped set up the magazine and quit because he couldn't live with the tawdriness of it all, describes Lambert as "brilliant," "totally intuitive" and as having "come a long way for being so inadequate." Which may rank as the left-handed compliment of all time.

Doug Lambert is sketchy about his biography, punctuating data with "I can't tell you about that, honey." Briefly: As a kid he worked for his father in the used-car business in Tennessee, served in the army in Korea, came to L.A. in 1958 to catch a freighter to the Far East ("I can't tell you why, honey" appears right here for the first of many times), instead lost his $15,000 savings on the horses and had to stay in Los Angeles. Sold advertising, wound up owning the agency, sold it, went to Hawaii, lost all his money gambling. Came back to L.A., went in the auto-body-and-fender business. Started building bars in Orange County, then in 1965 started the Playgirl nightclub in Garden Grove, down the road from Disneyland. A sort of Vegas lounge, the club is, according to Lambert and others who know of such matters, one of the most prosperous in America, seating 15,000 customers a month, grossing close to $1 million a year. Lambert is married and until recently lived in a trailer. He began setting up *Playgirl* magazine—convincing Fawcett to distribute it—almost two years ago.

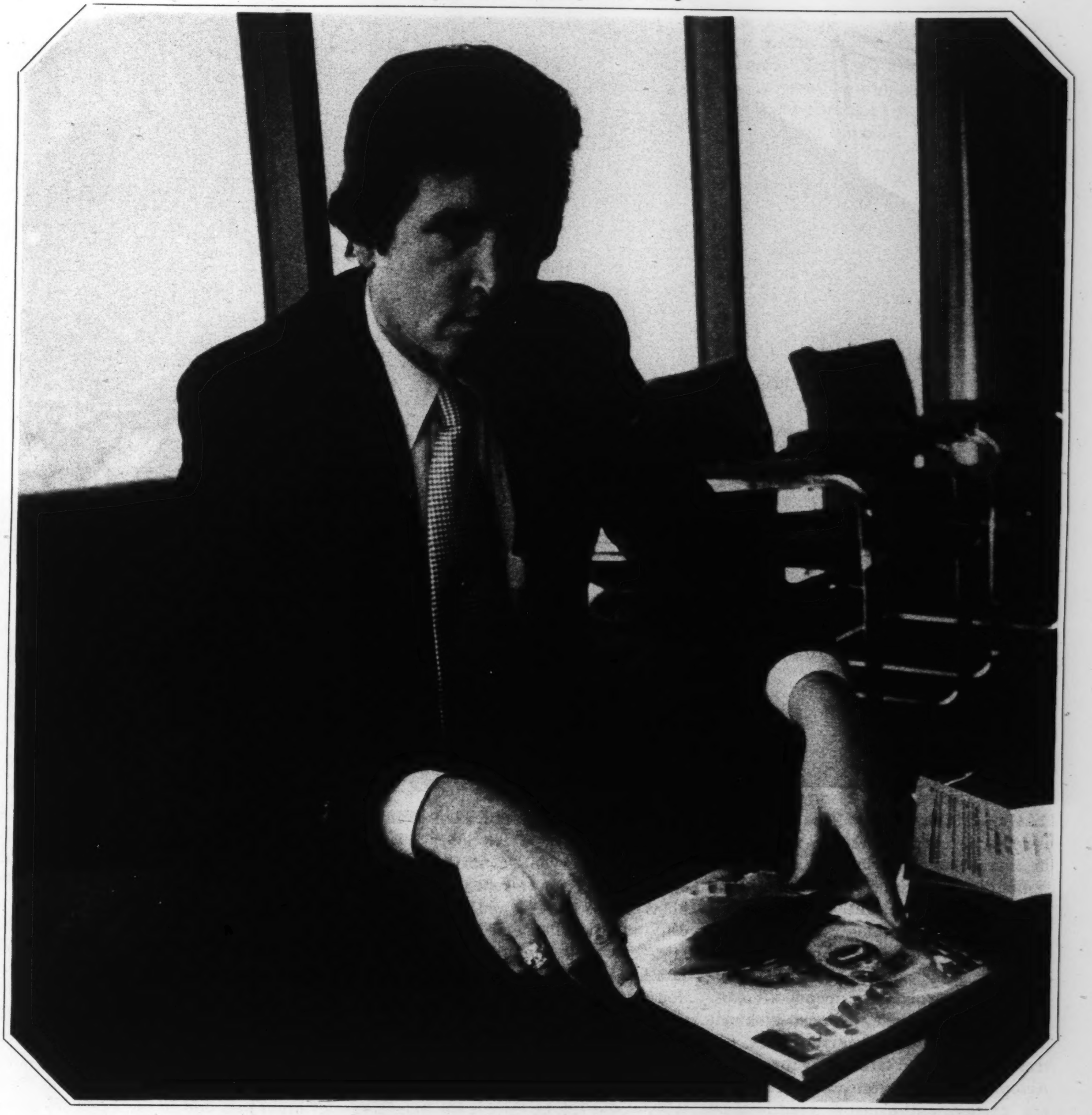
I ask him if he has a "Playgirl Philosophy." He does, naturally. Here it is. "Some people say it's nude, lewd and crude for a woman to want to see a naked man," he expounds. "If that's not a male chauvinistic attitude, I don't know what is. The reason women have hangups, honey, is because when I was 14 my daddy threw his arm around me and said, 'Come on son, I'm gonna get you laid.' And he took me down to the local whorehouse. He didn't do that to my sister. And *that's* why women have hangups." Gulp. "A woman wants the same things I want. Health, happiness and sex. Every girl wants to be a Playgirl. *You* want it, too."

But what exactly does that *mean*? I press on—having only some vague idea that a Playgirl probably knows how to surf.

"It's the fun things," he answers. "She wants to be cheerful, have sex and the luxuries of life, she doesn't want to be a grudge" (by which, I assume, he means *drudge*). Lambert asks for my agreement and I nod, not wanting for a moment to seem like a "grudge." I haven't the slightest notion what he's talking about. On the other hand, his patter is infinitely more palatable than Hefner's and Guccione's papal pronunciamentos about *their* Missions in Life.

A mini-analysis of the contents of *Playgirl* seems in order. In all fairness, the magazine is only nine issues old and cannot be expected to have found its face or voice as yet. So much for fairness. *Playgirl* is utter crap. It has a Credo, natch. ("A Playgirl is independent. Self-confident. Sensuous. Aware. Involved . . . ." Blah. Blah. Blah.) It has an Editor's Point of View—otherwise known as The Reader Must Identify With

Doug Lambert doing hotter things.



Doug Lambert doing—oooh—still hotter *things.*

His Hugh. (In this case it's "I'm a woman, like you, who appreciates men, who loves life, enjoys sex." Blah. Blah. Blah.) It has a Letters-to-the-Editor column, titled "In-ter-Course," about which Marin Scott Milam, the editor, says: "Let's say it out loud! Let's stop pretending that word doesn't exist!"

It has your basic, peppy *Cosmo*-type beauty, exercise, fashion, cooking, diet stuff, all focused cutely on sex. (A travel piece on Greece ignores the Acropolis but states instead: "Greek men are earthy, enthusiastic, readily approachable, easily seducible. Frankly, I've never had a Greek lover I didn't like.") It carries your "controversial" articles on breast cancer, rape, "Should Lesbians be Mothers?" and an upcoming ditty on incest "because," says Ms. Milam, "everybody's interested in that." The non-fiction writing is pedestrian, the fiction abysmal, the movie and book reviews barely literate.

None of that matters in the slightest. The lead piece could be a guide to Exxon filling stations in Anaheim and folks would still be ripping the magazine out of mailmen's hands. What *Playgirl* is really all about is nude male bodies. Period. Penises at rest. A centerfold twice the dimension of *Playboy*'s, fashion layouts with garbed ladies and naked men, a monthly astrology feature with 12 nude guys accompanying the signs, on and on and on. Lyle Waggoner was the first "Playgirl's Man" (pubic hair but no genitals exposed), then George Maharis (a quarter-inch of penis revealed), Fred Williamson, the only black centerfold so far, with a white kitten stationed in front of his crotch, and in the February issue, Doug Lambert.

somebody named Barry Hostetler. (The accompanying article about Barry begins with my favorite lead of the year: "He sits there, across the table from us, a prisoner of his raging vitality." Said vitality is the most boldly portrayed to date.

All of which brings us neatly to the next obvious point. Who *really* is buying *Playgirl*? Women or homosexuals? That's the single most nervous-making question that one can put to Lambert. The magazine's own demographic studies indicate the readership is 88 percent women, 8 percent men. Lambert confides to me it's probably 20 percent gay (an admission that causes his p.r. man and editor to freak), a squib in the San Francisco *Examiner* says a local book store sold out its 500 copies in two days, "and 90 percent of the customers were male." My own random check of newsstands in Los Angeles and New York only adds to the confusion: Some vendors say men primarily buy it, some say women and it doesn't necessarily depend on the neighborhood.

In order to overcome the rumors of gay readership, Lambert is escalating the macho quotient—a step that makes the magazine even more silly and sleazy. For example, in early issues the nude stars (many of whom do indeed resemble musclebound male models) are posed lazily reclining by swimming pools. The aforementioned Barry Hostetler in the February issue looks like a Yugoslav freedom fighter and is photographed tramping through the woods with an archer's bow and bag of arrows slung across his naked back. In the same issue the horoscope fellows are nude on skis, and in March the centerfold will be a bare hunter. Macho.

My own sense about who's buying what is simply that people—men and women—really like looking at naked people—men and women—in magazines. Take the obvious case of Burt Reynolds, whose *Cosmo* exposure not only caused that particular issue to sell out instantly but catapulted him to stardom after years of mediocrity. But then how about the spoof centerfold of a nude Henry Kissinger, resulting in the *Harvard Lampoon*'s heaviest-selling issue? Henry Kissinger?

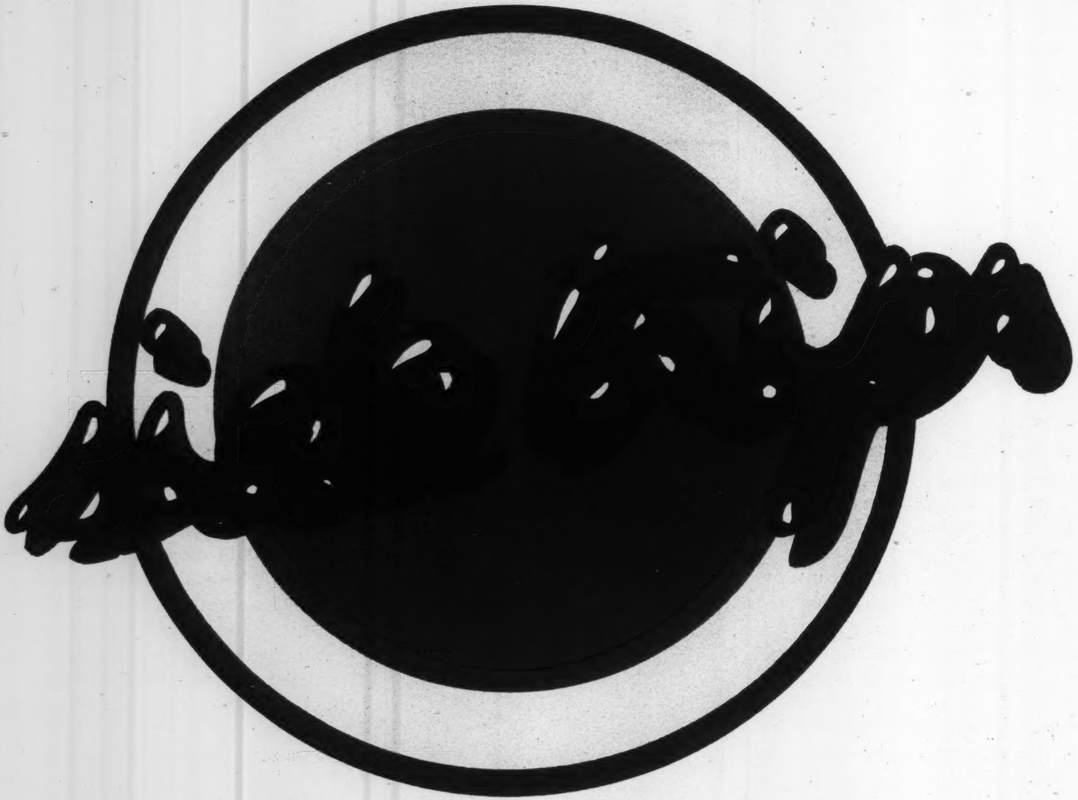
Recently, I spent a morning at *Playgirl* pouring through cartons of mail and literally thousands of the questionnaires that are included in every issue and filled out by readers. Many of the questions are basic demographic age/income/occupation ones. The others include "Would you like to see more male nudes?" *Every* reader responded "Yes." To "Did you feel our male nudes were too conservative?" almost everybody answered "Yes," and under "Added Comments" the following were quite typical: "Just show me more of the men;" "A step in the right direction but too conservative;" "Photos should reveal more;" "Too many conventional nudes become boring. One real shocker would be better." Ninety-nine percent of these questionnaire responses were from women.

"We're on to something much bigger than *Playboy*," Doug Lambert boasts and—God help us all—he may be right. Nobody on the staff has any experience at all in putting together a magazine, yet they have created the publishing phenomenon of the day. Marin Milam, the editor, comes out of the L.A. office of *Photoplay*; Bill Miles, second in command, was in the marine-supply business until a year ago and Doug Lambert—well, yes—we know about him.

He works 18 hours a day and through utter dogged drive has fashioned himself into a human computer of information on other magazines and how they run. (He reeled off to me, to illustrate a point we were discussing, the circulation figures of *TV Guide* for the last 15 years.) But more central, Lambert clearly possesses some primitive "gutter sense" instinct that is at the heart of the *Playgirl* phenomenon. "I deal to the masses," he explains. "The *intelleck*, the guy on a high level, he doesn't understand what women want. The magazine people in New York, they don't know what I know—that the day *Playgirl* gets too deep, too serious, too high *intelleck* is the day it'll bomb. Ninety percent of the people out there, they don't want to read Norman Mailer. *Playgirl* is down there where women can understand it on their level. It's that simple, honey. If you get above the people, you'll bomb."

Fortunately for Douglas Lambert, there doesn't appear to be any indication whatsoever that *Playgirl* will get above *anybody*. Ever. ●

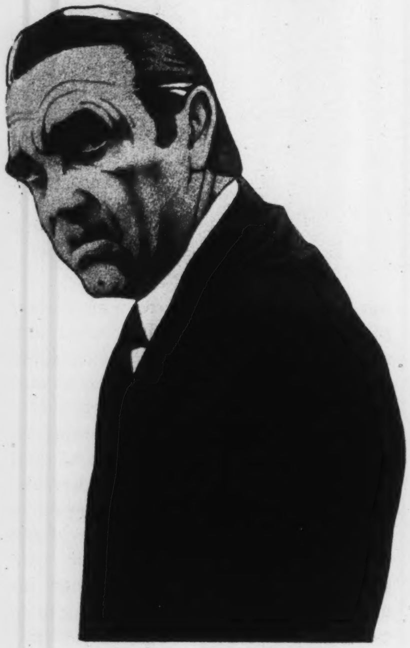
ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON



George Wallace is walking again

Montgomery, Ala.—"George has a wife and family who need him," says Cornelia Wallace, the 35-year-old wife of Alabama's ailing Governor George C. Wallace. Cornelia's voice is low and serious as we sit talking on this warm, almost hot, January morning at the Alabama governor's mansion. "That helps George in his rehabilitation drive," Cornelia adds, and she lifts the tall glass of Coca Cola she has brought into the room with her. "He shouldn't have to be concerned with supporting anyone other than himself, right now."

Cornelia is saying something to me—a fellow Alabamian who has opposed her husband on just about every basic issue—but I am not hearing her. I am shoving my back, hard, into the brown sofa where I am sitting, because as I glance through the dining room to the kitchen doorway, I see George C. Wallace, his head bent down over the glinting silver legs of his walker, as he drags himself toward us. The newspapers have been filled with stories about Wallace's new political organization, now retooled and considerably more saavy than in 1968, making powerful inroads into the Democratic party around the country. And now I see George Wallace is walking again. The walker he is using makes a dull thudlike noise as he lifts it and stabs it into the floor in front of him. Then he drags his legs, which are covered with braces, to the walker. His breathing is loud as he pulls himself through the narrow space between the family dining room table and the wall that holds pictures of Jefferson Davis when he was sworn in as President of the Confederate States of America. George, his head still down, his breath strained, stops at the entrance to the study and Cornelia is already standing in front of him, her hands on his cheeks, saying, "Darling, I'm so proud of you." And behind him, one holding onto the governor's wheelchair, the other ready to grab George in case he falls, are two black male attendants.



"Maybe I should run against you, honey," says Cornelia to George as they sit beside one another at the dining room table, the governor in his wheelchair. "That ought to shake things up a bit," Cornelia says, laughing.

George smiles, his eyes cautious as he looks across the table at me. He lights a cigar, using a matchbook which has his signature embossed in gold lettering on one side. But George doesn't answer Cornelia. His face seems to be drawn up in pain. I feel, momentarily, that he doesn't even know we are present, hasn't even heard Cornelia's light voice or my laugh. At the far end of the table, 22-year-old George Wallace Jr. sits reading a book about Teddy Kennedy—seemingly unconcerned with our talk—and his father looks at him for a second and then, looking at nothing, pats his cigar on the edge of an ashtray.

I stare at the governor. Now he is sitting almost folded over on top of his scantily touched plate of roast beef, rice and gravy, and English peas. His arms and hands are so tightly pressed against his sides that for a moment, I am paralyzed with fear that he is having a seizure of some sort right there at the table. I glance at Cornelia, wanting to tell her to do something. But George's eyes are rigid and fixed, and I see it is best to look away, to ignore the pain, ignore his hands pressing bloodlessly against his sides.

"This chair is really uncomfortable," George murmurs.

"Eat your lunch, honey," Cornelia says to him.

He does not respond to Cornelia. George Jr. closes his book and leaves the table, politely excusing himself. His father's eyes follow the young man out of the room, and then the governor's eyes drift out the terrace windows and he sits there staring at the bright afternoon sunlight.

"Are we going to have a lively spring, Governor?" I ask, and George turns to me. I feel a cold vacuum between us—a distance that has nothing to do with our differing politics, a space between us that has to do with pain, cold physical pain. George looks at me. His face is slanted to the side and downwards and for a second he looks like the figure in Edward Munch's painting *The Scream.* His eyes are like two wild embers that have ceased to glow.

"I guess it might be," says George, and he presses the buzzer beneath the tabletop. His two male attendants reappear from behind the kitchen door, all smiles, and roll George away. As they do, he lifts his hand in a diminutive salute. "Give your mother and father my best regards," he says quietly, and his chin falls slightly, droops a bit to the side, as they push the wheelchair out of the dining room.

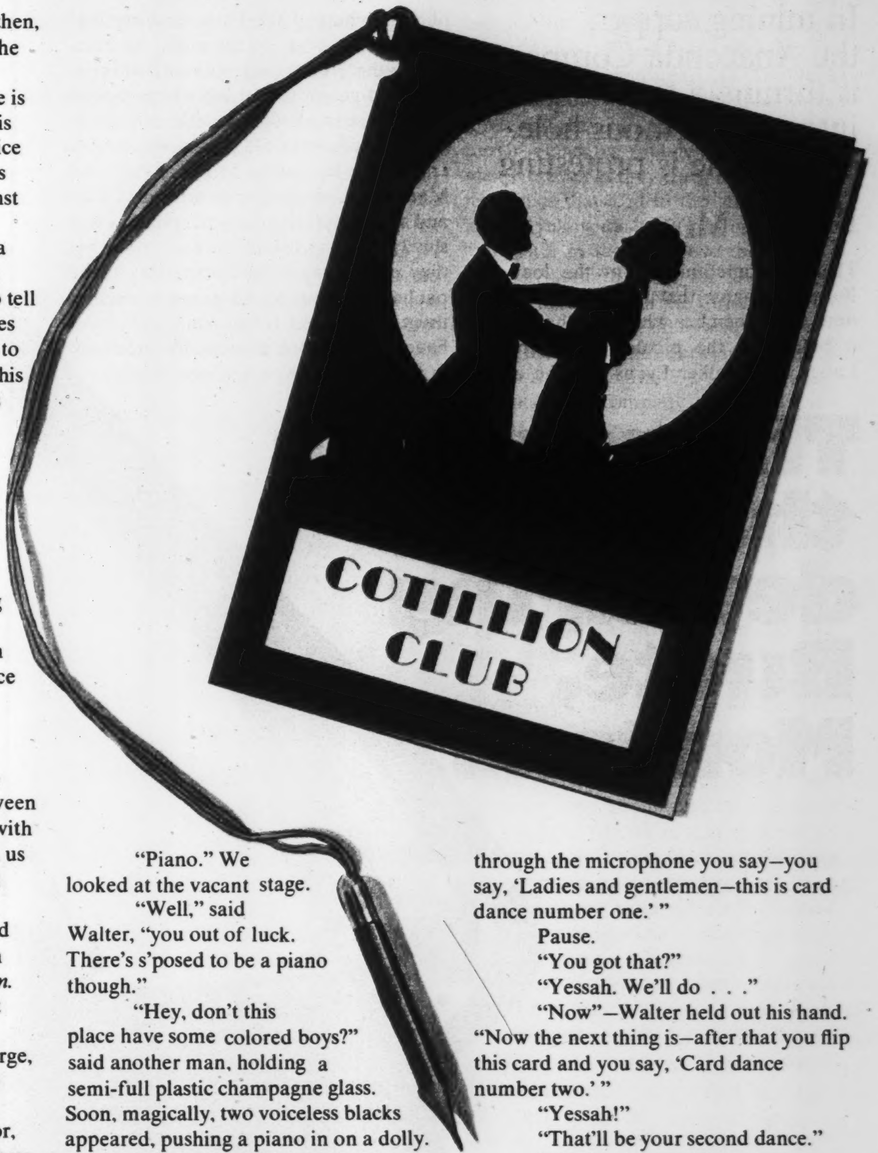
By Johnny Greene

Card dance Number 2

Chester, S.C.—In front of the Squire's Restaurant on New Year's Eve, people were ordering a last, desperate glass of tea. But in the back the party had long since started. Tuxedos and Revlon came together. "Now. buddy," said Walter, red-faced from champagne. "You the leader of this group?"

"Yessah!" I said.

"What you play?"



"Piano." We looked at the vacant stage.

"Well," said Walter, "you out of luck. There's s'posed to be a piano though."

"Hey, don't this place have some colored boys?" said another man, holding a semi-full plastic champagne glass. Soon, magically, two voiceless blacks appeared, pushing a piano in on a dolly. They rolled it over to the stage and we *all* unloaded the piano. In any such event there is supposed to be someone who says, "Let it down easy! Easy! Hot dammit, I told you boys, let it down easy!" But instead, we all had to lift and twist the piano off the dolly.

We plopped it down and *crunch*, the piano cracked the stage.

"Now, boy, lemme tell you about these," said Walter, handing me several folders with pencils strung from them. " See these cards?"

"Yessah."

"Well, they're for what you call a card dance."

"Yessah! " They were real dance cards—where folks could actually list their partners, just as they did in the '50s.

"Now what you do—what you do is flip 'em," Walter explained. "And through the microphone you say—you say, 'Ladies and gentlemen—this is card dance number one.' "

Pause.

"You got that?"

"Yessah. We'll do . . ."

"Now"—Walter held out his hand. "Now the next thing is—after that you flip this card and you say, 'Card dance number two.' "

"Yessah!"

"That'll be your second dance."

"I believe I've got it."

"Okay." He smiled. "Now—the fellows are filling out their cards. Uh—maybe you better whistle in the microphone to get 'em to listen, 'cause these boys'll be talking about Alabama playin' tonight."

"Will do."

"Now—one more thing. These folks like rock and roll. 'Kansas City' will be real good."

The band played "Kansas City," "Night Train," "Misty," "Moonlight in Vermont," "Mack the Knife" and the "Beer Barrel Polka."

"Bubba," a beet-skinned man burped as we were packing the equipment, "that—that was beuful, beuful. I tell you—I tell you—I do *love* that rock and roll."

By Franklin Ashley

The monster that's devouring Butte, Montana

In mining copper, the Anaconda Company is turning a town into an enormous hole. Yet no one is protesting

By Don Moser

There is something about the look of Butte, Montana, that is familiar, and in time you remember where you have seen it before—in the pictures of Dorothea Lange and Walker Evans and the other photographers of the Farm Security Administration who documented America during the '30s. The dilapidated buildings, the weed-grown vacant lots where junked cars lie strewn about like husks of locusts, the seamed faces of old broken-down miners. All day long at the corner of Park and Main a tall, stooped man with grey hair and a whiskey-veined nose shuffles his feet slowly, moving toward passersby so that they edge away a little, expecting to be panhandled, but he never quite reaches them, never asks for anything. His eyes have a certain look in them, like that look in the eyes of the people who inhabit

the Depression paintings of Ben Shahn.

If you walk up the hill from the corner where the man does his endless soft-shoe, in a few blocks you reach the Viewing Stand, an orange structure faced with wire mesh. From the Viewing Stand you can look down into the Berkeley Mine. A tape-recorded voice informs you over a loudspeaker that the Berkeley is the largest all-truck-operated open-pit copper mine in the world, and certainly it is an awesome thing to look at. The mine is a hole in the earth a mile across and 1,200-feet deep. Down at the bottom, so far down that you get a slight feeling of acrophobia as you look, huge electric shovels take 15-yard bites of earth and drop them into waiting trucks. The trucks are monstrous things, with tires 12 feet high, and they can carry as much as 200 tons in a load, but from here they look like scarab beetles as they crawl up the serpentine roads that lead to the mine's rim. A haze of yellow dust and grey diesel fumes hangs still in the air above the mine; it blurs the scene beyond, the lovely snow-seamed mountains of the Continental Divide just a couple of miles away.

Locally, the Berkeley Mine is known simply as The Pit. It is owned by the Anaconda Company, which is known as The Company, and it is slowly but inexorably devouring the city of Butte.

Since The Pit started operating in 1955, it has eaten some three square miles of the city and its neighboring suburbs. Meaderville, a wide-open community known throughout the Northern Rockies as Little Reno, has disappeared entirely. The little suburbs of McQueen and East Butte, which lie in the path of The Pit's current expansion to the east, will probably soon be eaten up. To the west The Pit has advanced right to the edge of the Uptown, the city's old central business district. Even though executives of the company have promised that the mine won't expand further in that direction in the foreseeable future, the area is decaying at an alarming rate. Side streets are lined with abandoned buildings, their windows boarded up or blocked by sheets of cardboard. A few main commercial blocks still show superficial vital signs, but above the ground-floor shops the second- and third-story windows are dusty and dark. The old

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A former writer and editor for Life *magazine, Don Moser is now completing a book on the Snake River country.*

*Once there were homes here.
Now there is a copper mine—1 mile
across and 1,200-feet deep.*

turn-of-the-century buildings are unsafe, and within the last couple of years disastrous fires have raged through some of the uptown blocks. A number of businesses have already abandoned the old city core and moved out onto the Flat, a typically ugly strip development of snowmobile dealerships, used-car lots and drive-in restaurants. Other businessmen, reluctant to leave their established locations or unable to afford the more costly real estate of the Flat, hang on and face an uncertain future.

"Copper is this town's lifeblood." That is the phrase a visitor hears time and time again. The land on which the city stands—"the richest hill on earth"—has historically held one of the most valuable copper deposits on the continent. The company, while it does not own the land surface of the city, owns everything underneath. In one stage or another of its corporate evolution, Anaconda has been mining there for almost a century, and there are, it is said, some 10,000 miles of shafts and tunnels beneath the city. But most of the highgrade ore is gone now, and only an open-pit mine can economically work what remains. Since Butte lives on copper—Anaconda employs a third of its work force—the city, in order to survive, must wolf down its own innards, while the population watches without protest. In a time and a country when the mere mention of a freeway addition will set people to lying down in front of bulldozers, Butte's citizens seem locked in a state of paralysis. A man who had just returned to Butte after 30 years in Alaska visited the Viewing Stand not long ago and stood looking down into The Pit. "The people here," he said, "have been beat on for so long now they'll accept anything."

It wasn't always like that. Of all the Rocky Mountain boom towns, none had a more colorful history than Butte. Environmentally it was always hideous. In the 19th century smelter stacks belched out sulphur and arsenic fumes that turned the air into a poisonous soup. Trees dropped their leaves and expired, pets keeled over dead after licking their arsenic-coated whiskers, and cattle grazing the nearby hillsides got their teeth plated with copper. The smog was so bad that people lit their lamps at midday and burglars plied their trade in what passed for broad daylight. According to local legend, a judge was robbed of his watch and diamond stickpin on the courthouse steps at ten o'clock in the morning while the sheriff stood just 10 feet away—the thief escaping in the muckiness.

Ugly, but certainly not dull. In its heyday Butte had a population of 100,000. Sarah Bernhardt and Melba performed Shakespeare and grand opera and horses ran for high stakes at the local race track. The copper barons lived inopulent style—William Clark's house, which still stands, contained 32 rooms, nine fireplaces and a library lined with lead, and two German woodcarvers spent four years sculpting its staircases, mantelpieces and ornamental panels. Ordinary miners disported themselves in some of the West's liveliest whorehouses and gambling dens, and the citizens had the courage of their convictions—Butte was the scene of dozens of shootouts and a score of lynchings, and during the war of the copper barons for control of the mines, the workers fought running battles beneath the city, attacking each other with dynamite and high-pressure hoses, and pouring lime into the ventilating shafts to suffocate their opponents.

> "The people here have been beat on for so long now," says a Butte resident, "they'll accept anything"

Thus yesteryear. Today a taxidriver will inform you without being asked—Butte is a friendly, democratic place—that one brothel remains, but you must be discreet and use the side entrance off the alley. The city's population has shrunk to about 40,000, the legitimate theater and the race track have marched into history, and all that passes for entertainment is the second-rate country music bands that play in the cocktail lounges of the strip motels.

Up at City Hall, an ancient white structure where the hands of the clock tower point perpetually to 13 minutes past ten, the city's young mayor, Mike Micone, talks with unexpected candor about the decay of the city. "We could send our fire and building inspectors out now and condemn 75 percent of the buildings in the Uptown. We could wipe out the whole Uptown area ourselves. Maybe we should have—this summer fires wiped out 38 businesses." Three years ago, Micone says, he hired the city's first fire inspector—the man's first act was to condemn the City Hall itself.

Butte needs to diversify its economic base, but attempts to attract new industry have failed. With assistance from the Model Cities program, Butte is trying to establish itself as a transshipping center for containerized goods from Japan, but this project has achieved only modest size. The City-County Planning Board has recommended that the urban core be relocated, in a planned fashion, out on the Flat, and the best of the Uptown blocks be renovated to form a neighborhood shopping center. But the move to the Flat would be expensive, and where is the money to come from? "You need dollars," says Mayor Micone, "and the only place we have to look is the Federal government or the Anaconda Company—and the Federal government isn't passing out any more dollars." The company would like the business district to move off the copper-rich hill and has donated a good-sized parcel of land on the Flat for an industrial park. But the company will not underwrite the moving of an entire city.

On the other hand, no one seems

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON MOSER

These pictures are of Butte's old central business district—since the mine advanced right to its edge.

willing to renovate the existing Uptown buildings, in spite of Anaconda's promise not to expand The Pit in that direction. An association of Uptown merchants resists moving to The Pit, but they spend a bare minimum on their own property. "We say, if you think so much of the Uptown area, pump some money into it—but they haven't," says Micone. "All that's done is ordinary maintenance."

But why, his visitor asks, is no one doing anything? These are activist times throughout the country. Why isn't someone organizing a privately financed move to the Flat, or leading a movement to dig in and renovate the Uptown? Why aren't there at least a handful of unreconstructed hardnoses fighting back against the company and The Pit?

The young mayor shrugs. "Basically this is an apathetic, easy-going community. The people don't really take their community seriously. They don't have very high visions or dreams."

Butte, for all its problems, has not a single environmental action group. This year the company started expanding The Pit into Columbia Gardens, an Anaconda-owned park that the company has operated as a community service for decades. It is Butte's only park. But when a protest group formed to save the Gardens, its single act was to print some bumper stickers.

Indeed, the only place in Butte that one senses any kind of purpose in is the offices of the company itself. There an executive explains, with sweet reasonableness, the company's position and its plans. The necessity for expanding The Pit to the east is explained not in terms of its dollars-and-cents value to the company, but in terms of the jobs it will continue to make available for the good folks of Butte. "We have to think about those lunch buckets."

The company tries to have a conscience, the executive explains. All of the water used in the copper treatment processes is recycled, so there is no water pollution, and the smelter stack is now located miles away. The company has hired women to drive some of the huge trucks in The Pit. The company has taken Columbia Gardens away but it has promised to provide the city with a new park, if only the people will make up their minds what kind of park they want and where they want it. When the company takes land for The Pit, it pays more than a fair price, sometimes multiples of the appraised value, because the company doesn't want to make hardships for people.

The company can, of course, take just about any land it needs. Under a peculiar piece of legislation passed in 1961, Anaconda, a private company, has the right of eminent domain, the same as a highway commission or a public utility. (Miners have a limited right of eminent domain in other Western states, so that they can construct transportation corridors to their mines, but in Montana a mining company can now condemn entire properties overlying its mineral claims.) The company has never in fact, exercized its right—one guesses there is some concern about its constitutionality—but it works as a very effective lever against any potential holdout.

"This is what our nation was built out of," says a company foreman. "This bloody hole here"

The company man smoothly defends the extraordinary law, saying, "A man could be unreasonable. He could hold up the whole mining operation. He could put all those people out of work. There was one woman we couldn't talk to. She was senile. She couldn't get a lawyer, because the lawyers all said we were offering more money for her place than she could get from a jury if we went to condemnation. We filed on this one so we could get to negotiate, but we never did have to go to a hearing."

In listening to company people, one never hears anything outrageous, or even inhumane, but the more one talks with them the more one senses that they see The Pit as a kind of omnipotent creature, as a corpus with needs that simply must be fed. The Uptown can stay for now because The Pit does not need the Uptown. The people over here can keep their houses because The Pit does not require them yet. Columbia Gardens must go because The Pit needs Columbia Gardens. There is no point in fighting The Pit or trying to obstruct The Pit because The Pit will do what The Pit needs to do, and that is the way things are. Twelve hundred feet down in the bottom of The Pit itself, a foreman looks up at the terraced walls that stretch to the sky and speaks in almost religious tones: "This is what our nation was built out of—this bloody hole here. This is what we were given to build a society out of."

East of The Pit, in the direction toward which it is now expanding, lies a moribund suburban wasteland. A few years ago some 260 families lived there; less than 70 remain. East Butte is even farther gone, with only 17 homeowners still holding out against company land buyers. It's a district that was never elegant but always respectable, where blue-collar workers lived in modest comfort. Now, on a cold October afternoon with the wind whipping a scud of grey clouds off the crest of the Continental Divide, one walks through a ghost town where the remaining homes thrust up like isolated lighthouses. Dogs, looking hungry and ill-tempered, prowl through empty lots grown over with tough high-desert scrub. There are buildings with roofs torn off, walls falling down, the flotsam of their decay strewn about

their foundations. The district seems abandoned, but some people still do live here.

The man who opens the door is terrified, because of the taxi a visitor arrives in. The cab company is owned by a real estate man who works as a land buyer for the company. "Did you tell the driver you were a journalist?"

No, the visitor explains, but he is not reassured. He is still negotiating to sell his house and fears company retaliation if he speaks out. "I'm crazy even to be talking to you–they might find out."

One suspects that his fear is groundless, that the company is not so much vindictive as impersonal and pragmatic, and in any case the complaint of a single citizen to a journalist represents to the company the approximate annoyance of a dog turd in the gutter. Disagreeable, but one simply steps over it. Yet no amount of reassurance will overcome his fear, and so one walks on down the dusty, empty street.

Not far away, Vincent Ciabattari sits and waits and sits and waits in a little house which reflects the pride of a certain kind of American blue-collar family. A dusty kitten or stray cigarette ash would not survive for five minutes in the Ciabattari household, and if the decoration is not precisely up-to-date, there is a full set of the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* in the living room and an upright piano with the sheet music lying open to Bach's "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring."

Mr. Ciabattari is a retired machinist, going on 70 but with the shoulders and biceps of a young athlete. His neighbors have long since sold out, his house is surrounded by grubby vacant lots, and he is simply waiting for the moment that the company man will arrive at his door and make him an offer. "We don't want to move, but we have to move," he says. "It's not a very nice environment here anymore. Empty lots, homes that are half torn down. This used to be a nice district. People owned their own homes, and they were all well kept. We had nice shrubbery and trees. We had stores. We had schools. The Catholic church is still here but that's just a matter of time, there's not enough parishioners left. All the younger people have gone. The youngest people here now are in their 40s, up to their 80s. At that age it's tough to move.

"The way this community was, you'd think the people would have got together and fought. People said they'd fight, but then they jumped. They were secretive. They'd say they weren't going, that they wouldn't sell no matter what, but all the time they'd be making a deal to sell. And it was hard to find a lawyer who would fight the company.

"When people lived here they were good friends and neighbors–Italians, English, Austrians. But now they moved, they've all broken up. It split up families, parents from the sons and daughters. They're scattered all over. These people have bigger, better homes now, but they're sorry they left. They don't even know their neighbors. I don't think you'll find one person who says he's happy he moved."

> "People said they weren't going, that they wouldn't sell no matter what. But all the time they'd be making a deal to sell"

What are his plans now? How long will he hang on here at the edge of The Pit? Ciabattari shrugs and lifts his still powerful hands. "It's up to the company."

Spehar's Bar, one of the few buildings still standing in East Butte, sits virtually on the rim of The Pit. The huge diesel-electric ore trucks rumble past on their 12-foot tires just a few yards from the door. Inside Mrs. Spehar, 77, sips a glass of wine and waits for customers, of whom these days there are very few. The building has an abandoned look to it already–except for the bar itself, a few stools and an old overstuffed couch, there is no furniture in the large room. "My father built this place in 1899 and built it to last forever," Mrs. Spehar says. "We used to have a nickelodeon. I used to have pretty tables in here, with lace tablecloths, and pretty chairs. I had a big brass cuspidor about that high, and in back I had a brass bed with a walnut bedroom set. I used to have all the railroad men come in here, ironworkers, pipefitters, electricians. Real nice men. If anybody wanted to start a fight I just took him out back and fed him a good meal."

Mrs. Spehar looks around the empty bar with rheumy eyes. She's sold the old furniture to antique dealers, she explains, not much need for it now since business has fallen off so much. She had rooms for eight bachelors there in the building, but there's just one old man left. She has been described as a fighter, but it is clear as she talks that the fight has gone out of her–she's ready to sell the place now, and she's just hanging on, trying to get the company to meet her price.

One can't help feeling that she's doing the right thing, for after just a few days one has come to share with the residents that sense of The Pit's omnipotence. There seems no real choice–the community must adjust to The Pit's needs or choke off its own blood supply. That is the only rational conclusion.

One has seen other company towns, one-industry burgs like the papermill towns of East Texas, and in them there has always been a handful of people ready to defy logic. Down there, a company like Anaconda would be met at certain fencelines by hard-eyed men and an eminent domain law would be fought in the courts till kingdom come. Here, at the end of the bar, old Mrs. Spehar, looking very tired, takes a little sip of her wine. Outside the dusty windows an ore truck rolls past. It shakes the room with its power. ●

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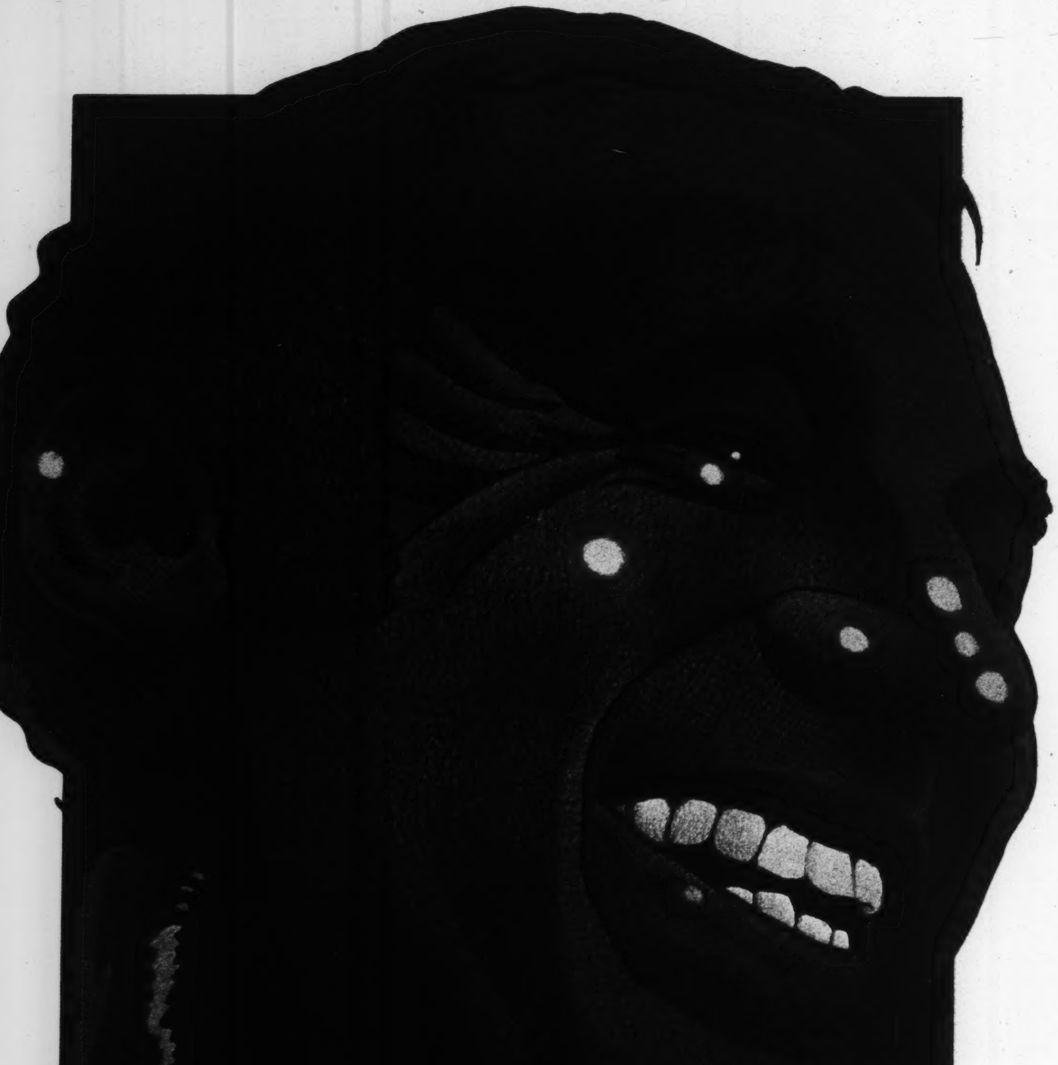


SPRINGTIME FOR MEL BROOKS

By Harry Stein

Being the funniest man in the world is harder than it looks

"Why do you wanna write about me, anyway?" Mel Brooks is saying as we stride across the Warner Brothers lot. "I don't like doing interviews, you know. I never do 'em."

"Well," I say, "it's simple enough. I want to see how the funniest man in the world operates."

The flattery is intended, of course, but not bestowed frivolously. The fact is, Mel Brooks' humor—starting with his work for Sid Caesar, stretching through his collaboration with Carl Reiner on the Two Thousand Year Old Man series of albums, and culminating with his career as a film director and his creation of *The Producers*—has helped to define my world. Like thousands upon thousands of others, I am a Mel Brooks nut.

But this, apparently, is not what he wants to hear. He ignores the compliment and we move silently on. "Okay," he says finally. "I gotta do some work with my editor, John Howard. You can watch if you keep quiet."

I keep very quiet. Mel and Howard, a large, amiable man with a shiny pate and the meaty hands of a catcher, hover over a pair of editing screens and review the climatic pie fight scene from *Blazing Saddles*, the film they have been cutting for three months.

"Run that back," says Mel, pointing at one of the screens. The pie fight, set in the Warner Brothers commissary, is conceived as the greatest in film history, and at its peak the action is almost too fast to follow. But Brooks has it plotted out shot by shot in his head. "Look," he says, "it's too messy here. We'll go to the normal shot of the pillar falling"—he demonstrates with his hands—"and after it falls we'll go into the long shot. Then the pie man enters. The cut will be to him getting it in the face. Then Burton gets one in the face—no prelude, just smack in the face."

Howard nods. "Yeah, that should work. And then we go to the lady with the megaphone . . ."

"Right," says Mel. "The megaphone lady comes in and 'boom,' more crazy pie fighting. Then I think we should get rid of the speeded-up action. It's a laugh but it's artificial."

They talk on and on, laboring over each of hundreds of cuts, struggling for the perfect comic mix. "Well," Mel concludes finally, "too many things are working. I didn't count on that. I count on putting half the stuff in the shithouse so I can have a 90-minute beauty. This way I'm stuck with 22 hours of great stuff."

"It is a problem," grins Howard.

"Keep working," says Mel, opening the door and flooding the dark little room with sunlight. "I'll be back in a couple of hours."

Later I see an hour of *Blazing Saddles* rushes and get some sense of the film as a whole. It deals with the misadventures of a black sheriff (played by Cleavon Little) in the Old West, and along its lunatic way it lambasts every western cliche ever created by God or man or Howard Hawks. The film opens with a railroad gang of slaves, Little prominent among them, being exhorted by their cruel white overseer to show some pep and sing as darkies are supposed to. They comply, and break into a stylish renditon of Cole Porter's "I Get a Kick Out of You." Later on a group of cowboys sit around the campfire after having eaten their baked beans, but instead of swapping stories or singing wistful songs, they begin farting, slowly at first but then uncontrollably. ("Look," Mel tells me later, "I've been watching cowboys eat beans all my life. They should be farting by now.") The film features a German dance hall girl, Marlene Dietrich to the teeth, who greets everyone with a casual "Wilcommen, bienvenue, welcome." Herds of cattle roam randomly in the background of many scenes, including several indoors. Virtually all the townsfolk in the picture are named Johnson; Gabby, Reverend, Howard or Van. And when the boss bad guy advertises for villains to help him drive the good folk out of town, pirates, Hell's Angels, Ku Klux Klanners and Nazi soldiers show up on the prairie to sign on. It is clear, even from bits and pieces, that the vagrant insanities mesh into a gloriously insane whole.

But as we walk from the editing room, Mel is preoccupied. "You don't think it's too crazy?" he asks.

"No, of course not. It's hilarious."

"You think so?" he says, reassured. "Yeah, I guess you should never worry about getting ahead of the audience. The audience is smart."

Moments later we are in Mel's paneled office, a place where Mel generally spends very little time. I will be back twice in the next week and nothing—not the jacket on the couch, nor the pen on the floor, nor the script on the desk sent to Mel by Burt Reynolds' agent—will

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

move an inch. He leans back from his large, uncluttered desk, ready to talk, but quite suddenly leaps to his feet and bounds over to the water cooler, filled to the top with bottled water. "Gotta have a Sparklettes. Greatest stuff in the world. There, you got a commercial on tape."

Mel is, quite simply, a study in nervous energy. He talks the way he moves, in short, sporadic bursts, and his Gatling gun mind frequently intrudes on his conversation in mid-sentence with a cogent–albeit tangential–thought.

"I kept putting off *Blazing Saddles*," he is saying, his stocky body back in his chair again, "because I only like to do original scripts, and this was based on a novel by Andrew Bergman. But the idea really haunted me, you know? It's 1870 and they're all rolling Bull Durham and this guy's rolling joints."

"Weren't you working on something of your own?"

"Yeah," he says. "I'd just finished a script that I couldn't sell to anybody, a screenplay of *She Stoops to Conquer*. It's hysterically funny. I mean, they're so British that I have subtitles in some scenes. There are beggars, and rich people just walk on their faces and crush them. It's wonderful–they're so rich and elegant and the others are so poor and scruffy and, you know, scurvious. Maybe I'll do it some day."

But, he continues, he was running out of money and, attracted to the black cowboy idea as he was, he struck a deal with Warners; he would take on the project if the studio would allow him to hire a bunch of writers to help hammer out a script, the way he had worked on the old *Show of Shows.* So he got his writers, among them novelist Bergman and comedian Richard Pryor, and over a four-month stretch they produced the screenplay.

"Warner Brothers was terrific," says Mel. "Certain studios that shall be nameless–MGM is one of the nameless ones–have a reputation of tampering with films, but that doesn't happen here. They even gave us all the money we wanted, budgeted us at about three million. But we came in under, due to my incredible cinematic dexterity. Like I learned to say 'action' first instead of 'cut,' which saves a lot of money, 'cause if you say 'cut,' nothing gets started. All these terms I had to get straight. Like the cameraman says, 'I see a master from this distance shooting with a fifty,' and I know what he's talking about. On *The Producers*, which was my first film, he'd say, 'What do you want?' and I'd say, 'Take a nice picture.' "

There's a knock at the door and Mike Hertzberg, the young producer of *Blazing Saddles* and *The Twelve Chairs*, Mel's previous film, sticks his head in. He wants to know how the day's cutting has gone and Mel assures him that everything is under control.

"He was my assistant director on *The Producers*," says Mel after Hertzberg leaves, "and he explained the whole film-making biz to me. He walked me over to the camera and let me feed it an apple. He showed me where the actors stand and where the lights are and not to yell at the grips because they can drop heavy things on you and kill you."

Mel's would-be innocence about the basics of directing is pure put-on, of course. Well before *The Producers* was released in 1967, he'd directed enough stock companies and hung around enough television studios to know how to handle both people and equipment. Even so, *The Producers* is a striking achievement for a novice director, rating, in the view of many, as one of the few comedy classics produced during the '60s.

It deals, for the uninitiated, with a pair of itinerant nobodies, a failed producer named Bialystock and a desperately insecure accountant named Bloom, who concoct a plot to produce the worst musical in Broadway history, to raise ten times as much money as they need, and then to keep everything after the show closes in one night. Which leads them to *Springtime for Hitler* ("A gay romp with Adolph and Eva through Berchtesgaden"), a property which they proceed to stock with the least talent money can buy and whose title song, a jaunty Jerry Herman-type salute to the Fuhrer, has convulsed otherwise sane audiences for seven years now.

> "I always feel that my stuff is very personal . . . that maybe three Jews on a bus in Brooklyn are gonna enjoy it"

"Originally" says Mel, "all I had was a title. I was writing a show called *All American* and someone says to me, 'The New York *Times* is on the phone. They wanna know what we're doing next.' So I say, 'How about *Springtime for Hitler?*' And he says, 'What is it?' And I say, 'It's nothing. It's a title.' "

But he was so in love with the title that it knocked around in his head for months until finally he came up with a story to go with it. Twenty years earlier he had run errands for a small-time producer who, Mel recalls, "slept in the office on a torn leather couch–literally, springs out–had his wash strung out in one corner of the room on a little clothesline, and made incredible love to these dying creatures who would wander up on the way to the grave." In short, the original Max Bialystock. "That producer," he realized, "was exactly the kind of guy who'd stage *Springtime for Hitler.*"

And so, after writing up the project as a novel, and then as a play, and finally as a screenplay, and after being turned down by all the studios because he'd never directed a film, he was given a chance by producers Sidney Glazer and Joe Levine. Within months of the film's release, both were rewarded handsomely for their faith and Brooks' place behind the camera was assured. "Frankly," he says, "I was amazed when the film became the fantastic cult thing that it did. I'm always surprised when anything I do is a hit, because I always feel that it's a very personal thing, that maybe three Jews on a bus in Brooklyn are gonna enjoy it."

Mel, it turns out, is awed and even a little embarrassed by the affection he inspires. "I've got very bright fans," he says a bit later, "as bright as I am. I get splendid letters from people, really sharp, incisive letters, and I think, 'Why should such a smart person like you bother with me?' "

Of course, there are times when the affection becomes tiresome. "Look," he says, "I've worked as a drummer and a comic in the mountains, so I'm used to 'Melvyn, Melvyn, Melvyn, a smack in the ear, I love you.' Still, it bothers me when I'm eating and I have a forkful of peas one millimeter away from my tongue and a lady smashes me in the head and says, 'Oh, you beauty!' "

But the thing that really gets to him, the thing that can sometimes make life an aggravation, is the notion so many people seem to have that he is nothing more than a laugh machine. "Don't make it all yuks," he told me when I first approached him for the interview. "I've got a lot of serious things to say."

Now, in his office at Warner Brothers, he lights a cigarette and leans toward me. "Listen, it really is a pain in the ass. Like I'll be at a party and some guy'll come up to me and say, 'The funniest man in the world. *The* funniest man in the world.' " He pauses and takes a long drag. "And I just don't feel like being funny or performing, you know? I mean, I feel like I'm lucky if I can throw up." He shakes his head. "People don't understand that you're also a person who might have a headache or be worried about, you know, your life."

There is a knock on the door and Anne Bancroft Brooks enters. She is lovely, a strikingly glamorous and somewhat forbidding figure, but all of that dissipates when she talks. She is obviously shy and her gentle voice still has strains of New York in it.

Mel introduces us and explains that Annie is at the studio for preparatory work on *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, her first film in two years.

"Yeah," she smiles, "it'll be good to get back to work."

"We're doing an interview," says Mel.

Annie gives a little shudder. "Ugh. I hate interviews. I'm always, always misquoted." She smiles at me. There's obviously no offense intended.

"That's all," she says, heading for the door. "Just checking up."

When she is gone, Mel returns to behind his desk, swishing another Sparklettes. "Okay, where were we?"

"We were talking about your being 'on' and how you don't like being forced to perform. I was wondering if clowning around used to come easier to you when you were younger, less sure of yourself."

He leans back and thinks about that. "Yeah, I guess it was more natural. There's always the element of insecurity with comics and the humor springs from insecurity. When I was a kid in Brooklyn, I simply assumed the role of jester. I was a little shorter than everyone else and they were always getting picked before me in ball games—I was like eighth in the batting order—and I needed some kind of an edge.

"Then, too," he continues, warming up to it, "I was the baby in the family, so I just assumed I was adorable. Everybody threw me up in the air, punched my feet and told me I was terrific. It was a big shock later when I went into the Army and they didn't do that."

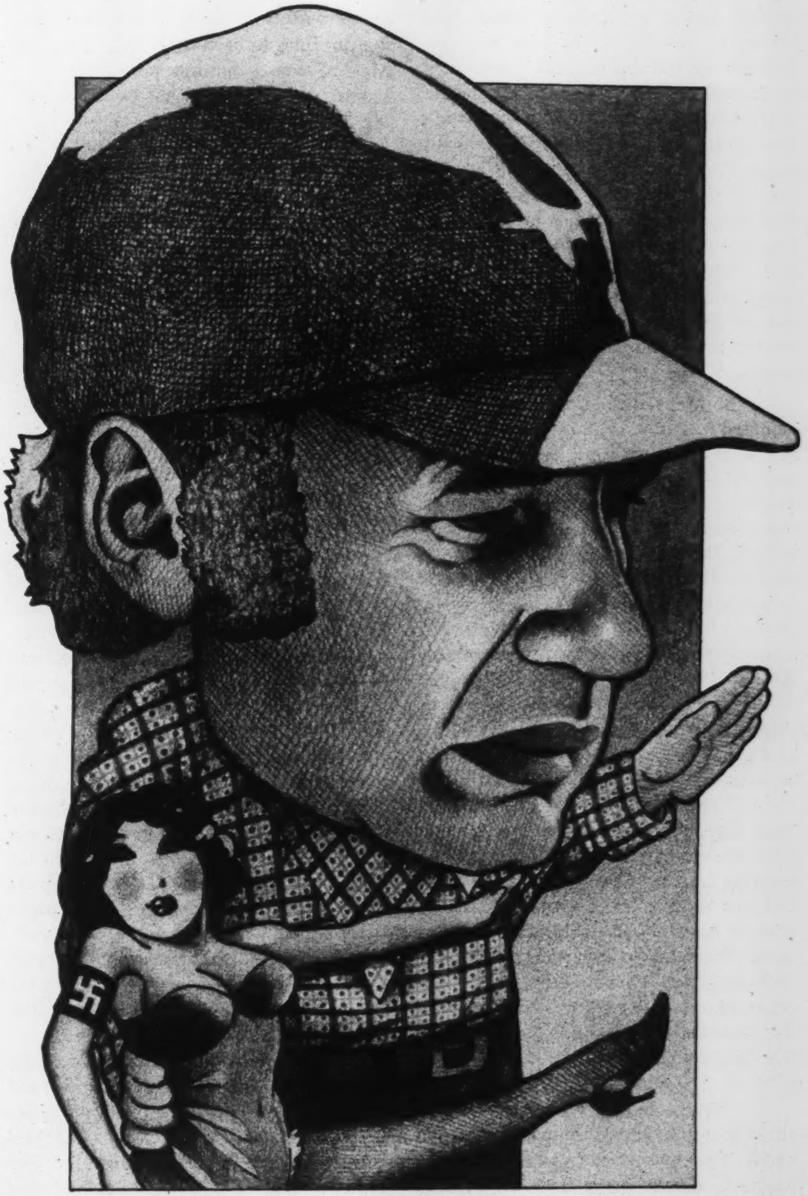
He shakes his head, suddenly serious again. "Thank God for the athletes and their rejection. Without them there would have been no emotional need and I probably wouldn't even be in the business."

He pauses. "In fact, I know exactly where I would be. I'd be a crackerjack salesman in the garment district." And without dropping a syllable, he becomes the glib, fast-talking seller of tacky merchandise. "Lenny, what are ya talkin'? What are you *talkin'*? Chanton silk! I got it. I'm givin' it to ya! It's here, on the table. Grab it now. I don't lie to ya, Lenny." And it is clear that, yes, he would have made a hell of a salesman.

But when he was a kid, Mel didn't think much about becoming either a salesman or a comic. His persistent early ambition was to be a pilot, a notion that caused him to join the Balsa Bugs and collaborate with one Bernard Steinberg on a ditty in their honor ("We're a Bunch of Balsa Bugs, Balsa Bugs are We"). Then, when he was fourteen, he went up in a Waco biplane from Floyd Bennett Field, threw up, and decided to stay down for the rest of his life.

Next, he decided to be a drummer. Buddy Rich lived in the neighborhood and Mel would go to the window and watch him rehearse. But even while he fantasized about working with Artie Shaw and the Dorseys, Mel never truly believed that drumming was substantial enough work to seriously consider as a career. His brother had just become a chemist, and in Jewish homes in the late '30s *that* was a respectable thing to be.

Mel happened to be a strong science student, so for a time he assumed that chemistry was his destiny also. But, then, he was rotten in math and that didn't help. "I couldn't understand why we had to learn geometry and calculus and algebra," he says. "All I knew was that the Chinaman at the laundry had those buttons and he could go faster than Einstein. Also, the Jew in the grocery



with his stubby pencil could beat any computer, come to a total that would please him and write it on the shopping bag."

But, at 17, Mel didn't worry much at all about what he would do with himself. He was making some money playing drums after school and during the summer, and he figured that his future would take care of itself. And one day it did.

He was playing with a band at a small hotel in the Catskills when the owner discovered that his comic was ill and went looking for the kid in the band who was always clowning around. "He came up to me," Mel says, "and he said, 'Melbmn'—M-E-L-B-M-N is how he said it—'Melbmn, Jackie,' (it was Jackie Somebody—Jackie Jerky, Jackie Jackie) 'Jackie Jackie got poison sumac, and please, go out and to the junk he does.' So I got up and did his junk." And now, in his office, he becomes Jackie Jackie, every desperate, two-bit stand-up comic who ever graced a grade-C nightclub stage. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I just flew in from Chicago and, boy, are my arms tired. I met a girl in Chicago who was so skinny that a waiter said, 'Check your umbrella?' I had a room in Chicago so small the mice were hunchback. You closed the door and the doorknob got into bed with you. But I wanna tell you . . ."

So Mel did the stand-up junk and he hated it. The next night he got permission to try his own routines and both he and the audience had a lot better time. The material Mel performed that night was vintage Brooks in concept, featuring roughly the same elements that make it click today: immediacy, heavy emphasis on ethnic types and outright zaniness. His comic idol was Harry Ritz—"you just hoped there were no pointy objects around when he was working," Mel says, " 'cause you were down, spitting, rolling on the floor, laughing your brains out"—and from the outset, Mel, too, was intent on marketing madness.

"The boss at the hotel," he recalls, "was always talking into the loudspeaker over twenty-five miles of Jew country, blowing into the thing and saying, 'Is it on? For God sakes is it on?' Then he'd blow in it"—he makes a horrible blowing noise—"and say so everyone could hear, 'Where is that Mrs. Bloom? There's another phone call for Mrs. Bloom!' And five thousand Mrs. Blooms run for the office. So I did stuff like that and they loved it."

From the mountains it was straight uphill, into summer stock, then radio, and finally, through Sid Caesar, whom he'd met in the Borsch Belt, into television and *Your Show of Shows.*

Those were good years for the viewing public and very special years for those on the creative end, and Mel brightens when he talks about them. "You know," he says, "in every phase of my activity, the powers that were—and they always were—were very happy with the status quo, 'cause that's why they were there. But Sid was a leader and he wasn't afraid to break ground. Someone would say something hilarious and we'd fall off our chairs laughing, and a week later it'd be on the television set. Every other show since, we'd fall off our chairs and they'd say, 'That's too silly,' or 'That's too dangerous,' or 'They won't get that.' "

Then, too, the way *Your Show of Shows* writers worked—in a room, tossing out lines to each other—was ideal for Mel. "I was a natural performer, so I scored very heavily in those sessions, riding and running and hearing laughs. Later, when I had to write alone, it was much more difficult. Pleasing myself is harder than pleasing other people."

After the Caesar show ended its run in the late '50s, Mel wrote for other shows for a while before becoming a household name in his own right—at least in those households that cherish imagination and inspired craziness—with the original *Two Thousand Year Old Man* album in 1960. The Two Thousand Year Old Man had actually been around for years, since the early days of the Caesar show, when Brooks and Carl Reiner used to get together to perform in friends' living rooms, and neither of them anticipated the album's impact. The record created a genuine Brooks-Reiner boomlet, and for a time the character even showed up on television with Mel, sporting a ridiculous black cape and looking no older than 40, letting the Middle American public in on his manic version of the way things were "back then, when we was, and now I'm still and they not."

> "I tell you, I like me in my films. I feel like singing four bars of 'Getting to Know Me' right now"

But with the larger audience, the character lost some of his sauciness and chutzpah. Amid dwindling album sales he was shelved until recently, when Mel was persuaded to revive him for one more album—*The Two Thousand and Thirteen Year Old Man.*

"When you do the character, do you and Reiner get together beforehand to prepare material?" I ask.

"No," he says. "It's a very special vapor that's immediate between us. Homework isn't critical. I'd say that 60 percent of what we do in any session together is entirely new. Carl is an incredible straight man and he forces things out of me. The Two Thousand Year Old Man will say something absurd and he'll say, 'I find that difficult to believe, sir' and demand proof. I work better under that kind of pressure." He stops, obviously not anxious to pursue the subject, so we leave it at that.

Mel much prefers to discuss films anyway, his own and everyone else's. The fact is, he has always been a movie buff—as a kid he'd usually catch four films a week at the RKO Republic in Brooklyn—and he is at last doing exactly what he wants to be doing. "When they talk to me about *Blazing Saddles,*" he says, "and they say, 'What are you doing in the West, Jew Boy?' I can tell 'em that I know as much about the West as anyone. I lived there through two million reels."

As he sees it, his entire career has been aiming at this, at creating films. He was a master comedy writer and "let's face it, the script is the raft. A great idea, even if it's filmed badly, will work." He was a performer and "I tell you, I like me in my films. If I'd known I was gonna be so good in *The Twelve Chairs,* I'd have kept me in a lot longer. I'm going to use me a lot. I feel like singing four bars of 'Getting to Know Me' right now." He was always being told that he was too crazy, too far out, but "in film comedy it's very important to be flat-out meshuga at the beginning. No idea is too far afield. Later, things that don't work will fall out."

The only thing that really frustrates him about the movie business, in fact, is that he can't do everything himself. "Look," he says, "a great film has to be a personal statement, and it dilutes a lot of your subjective vision when you have to collaborate with so many different people." He smiles and shakes his head. "You don't want robots and you don't want peers. You want creative underlings."

The most potentially destructive collaborators for an author-director-sometimes actor are, of course, the other players, and Mel has made discovering the proper vehicles for his passion one of life's great tasks. And he's been lucky, too, coming up with the likes of Zero Mostel ("a moving van painted bright orange," Mel calls him) for *The Producers,* Ron Moody and Dom DeLuise for *The Twelve Chairs*, and Cleavon Little, Harvey Korman and Madelaine Kahn for *Blazing Saddles*. But mainly there has been Gene Wilder, who became a star in *The Producers* and returned to work for Mel in *Saddles*. "Every movie I do," Mel says, "I want to use Gene. Besides that immense talent, that range, I just love his look. He looks like a frightened animal in the forest, the one that any hunter will smell and go after. If Fellini has his Mastroianni and Bergman his Von Sydow, I must have my Wilder. Gene or Thornton, I don't care which."

And from the look of things, he'll get his Wilder, at least for a while. On Mel's next project, *Young Doctor Frankenstein*, they will co-write the script and Wilder will play the title role. "It'll be a parody of '30's horror flicks," he says, inhaling deeply on his fifth cigarette of the hour. "I'll do it in black and white, with those halo shots and shafts of light coming through and I'll have people turning so their faces are caught by the key light just as they say, 'What?' " He pauses and chuckles at the thought. "I keep getting great ideas for it. Like the elixir of life will be fruit"—fruit has always been high in the Brooks cavalcade of inherently funny things—"and they'll jump up and down on peaches and plums and pears and grapes and smash them all together and put them in a tube and shove it into the monster's arm. When he finally wakes up, he'll shout, 'Judy's at the Palace! I've got to see her!' And they say, 'Too much fruit!' "

We both laugh. Then, quite suddenly, he becomes serious again. "That's the reason I wanna make movies," he says. "A lot of people become directors because they like the set celebration, the 'so-and-so's late and would you like to speak to her in her trailer' kind of shit. But I'm in the movie business to promote the same Mel Brooks insanity that I'm in the record business to promote. I mean, I have a lot of crazy things to say, and I don't wanna be just another movie director."

It is clear, too, that Mel has a lot of meaningful things he wants to say. A bit later he talks about how, in each of his films, there is a comment about society or human nature. *The Twelve Chairs* is about greed. *Blazing Saddles*—and this one is pretty clear—is about race prejudice. *Young Doctor Frankenstein*, believe it or not, will have something to say about the fact that men are envious of women's ability to give birth. It turns out that even *The Producers*, which generally passes for a monument to reckless abandon, has a serious point. "It was like Robert Louis Stevenson's comment in *Jekyll and Hyde*," he explains, "that there's an angel and a devil in each of us, an ego and an id. That was the sub-plot—Bloom the ego and Bialystock the great Jewish id—and I worked hard so that every line worked on more than one level. By the end of the film, of course, their positions were exactly reversed." A skeptic might conclude that he feels laughs aren't respectable enough on their own.

But insecurity or no insecurity, it is clear that Mel is absolutely committed to his craft. "You know," he tells me as we are walking from the office toward the studio gate, "you go into a movie and an hour and a half later you say, 'Okay, I had a few laughs,' then you go home and take out a can of P.M. or whatever they've made for you to drink, and no one cares that someone has spent two years of his life preparing that film for you. I think people owe me more than that." He pauses and snubs out a cigarette. "I think that people should stay in a movie at least six weeks. We should provide them with cold cuts and dry rye bread—no white bread with butter, just rye—and maybe a nice cold orange. And they should sit there for six weeks." He stops and reflects on that. "That's the least they could do for me," he says finally. "That would be a fair emotional exchange." ●

Blazing Saddles

MOVIES

A magnificent obsession with Coke and other American disorders

By Frank Rich

Robert Altman's new film, **Thieves Like Us**, may be the first serious movie about the American '30s not to goose an audience's guilt with shots of starving children or hobo breadlines—and yet it strafes the emotions every bit as much as the most relentless works of social realism. Unlike Arthur Penn's classic *Bonnie and Clyde* and its cavalcade of imitators, *Thieves Like Us* is a picture about Depression bankrobbers that contains no ballets of rat-a-tat-tat carnage, no gun-equals-prick Freudianism and no Robin Hood visions of criminals who identify with the downtrodden poor. Robert Altman is giving the long goodbye to '60s liberalism in all its guises—his movie is neither a war on poverty nor a profile in existential courage—while at the same time eschewing the campy New Deal nostalgia of such recent fluff as *Paper Moon* and *The Sting*. Rather than follow fashions and the cliches of genre, Altman persists in dragging us into the '70s—whether we want to go or not.

His new movie is in such close touch with our current collective anxiety that it makes one's gut squirm. What moves Altman beyond a 1960's sensibility like Penn's is that Altman realizes that the old psychological and political explanations no longer deal with the traumas at hand. He won't let us take the easy way out and wouldn't dream of providing an impotent hero or vicious lawman to personify the American sickness. He sees far more insidious germs afoot—and indeed to appreciate Altman's movies in all their horror one must perhaps consider seriously the possibility that it isn't just coincidence that cancer is our number one national disease. Which is to say that *Thieves Like Us* is a very bleak film, one which may have trouble finding its audience. But it is also a darkly beautiful picture, startling and original, and I think that anyone with open eyes and a sensitive heart will recognize it as one of those rare movies that keeps all the promises of an artform.

For source material, the director and his co-screenwriters, Calder Willingham and Joan Tewkesbury, have turned to the same Edward Anderson novel that, in 1947, served as the inspiration for Nicholas Ray's celebrated *film noir, They Live By Night.* Although *Thieves Like Us* inevitably shares some plot and characters with that earlier movie, Altman has switched the landscape from the dust bowl to Mississippi's lush and verdant delta country and the time from night to day. Despite the painstaking attention to period details, somehow, in the hands of Altman and color cinematographer Jean Boffety, this setting comes to resemble the unlikely, and seemingly antithetical, locales of the director's previous works—such as the vapid Houston Astrodome of *Brewster McCloud,* the harsh turn-of-the-century wilderness of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and the ghostly present-day L.A. of *The Long Goodbye.* There is an isolation and deadliness of spirit that binds all of Altman's America together, regardless of specifics of time and place. Life itself, in his movies, seems to have been boarded up and abandoned, while a poison, as palpable as a haze, hangs in the torpid air. When the director's handful of honest heroes make their way into this climate, it's only a matter of time before unseen forces of the society at large snuff them out.

In the case of *Thieves Like Us,* those heroes are three men, all life prisoners who escape the Mississippi state pen with the hope of bankrobbing their way to freedom and fortune. But there are, needless to say, few actual bank robberies and no escape/chase scenes in this movie. Most of the narrative is in the form of vignettes, in which we watch thieves T-Dub, Chicamaw and Bowie during their less active moments, when they're sitting around in one hide-out or another, playing cards, telling barroom jokes or toying with various women. They are not complicated men by any standard; they rob banks only because it's the easiest way they know to make the money they need to get to Mexico—and because it gives them the illusion that they are "real people," as they are fond of calling themselves in their limited verbal repertoire.

At the time we catch up with them, two of these men are not in truth real people anymore. The middleaged father-figure of the trio, T-Dub (Bert Remsen), can only communicate one emotion: bug-eyed optimism. "Gentlemen, this will be my thirty-third bank!" he announces—updating the number appropriately each time—before setting out on a criminal mission. His mind has burned out ages ago; his speech has the quality of a broken record. Not only that, but he is on his literal as well as figurative last legs: having chopped off three toes to escape prison work detail earlier in his career, he now must hobble from one exploit to another on a cane. Chicamaw (John Schuck) is younger but hardly better off. Though big and powerful, the eyes beneath his broad expanse of brow have gone blank; his flabby lips have frozen into a pout. No sooner is he out of jail then he becomes a tempestuous alcoholic, masochistically sacrificing himself on the altar of moonshine whiskey every chance he gets.

The film's major character, and greatest hope, is Bowie (Keith Carradine), the 23-year-old "kid" of the gang who was imprisoned at age 16 for a murder committed, possibly not by him, during a youthful crime spree in which he tagged along. Now, as he breaks into the real world—or Altman's vacuum-like rendition of it—he does so at the coincident moment of his entry into adulthood. He is naturally out of step, a relic of anachronistic innocence, like the early 1950's Philip Marlowe, whom Altman transplanted into the '70s (complete with his outdated Lincoln roadster) in *The Long Goodbye.* "I'm not sorry for anything I ever did in this world," says Bowie after a robbery. But he doesn't have the vaguest conception of what that world's about.

Early on, he meets and falls in love with Keechie (Shelley Duvall), a young country girl every bit as ignorant as he is, a vision of plainness whose main knowledge of life derives from her experience working the cash register at a garage the gang uses as a hideaway. Keechie is nothing more or less than the first available woman Bowie meets after fleeing jail; their union is as sudden and meaningless as a spark of static electricity that crackles out of nowhere. Still, if the circumstances of their love affair are those of chance, they are also without guile. Keechie and Bowie have the opportunity to construct a reality for themselves that is as private and secluded as the dark cave-like cabin they take as their home.

Carradine and Duvall, shadowed by dreck, in Robert Altman's Thieves Like Us.

It is an opportunity they can never capitalize on. Even as they make love for the first time, the society from which they have isolated themselves insinuates its way into their romance. Not in the form of police, but in those haunting strokes of Altmanesque atmosphere—like the crassly sentimental "Studio of the Air" production of *Romeo and Juliet* that blares from the radio by their bed, the yards of stridently jingoistic World War I-era sheet music that serve as their conjugal bedroom's wallpaper and the steady stream of Coca-Colas that the lovers drink just about every moment their mouths are not otherwise occupied.

Altman moves in mysterious ways and, at first glance, it's not clear to us—or the lovers—what these trivial cultural artifacts mean. We are not held in suspense too long, though, for the film gradually becomes awash in Coca-Cola, as, simultaneously, the soundtrack overflows with the cacophonous gibberish of radios. Every storefront in the movie sports signs advertising the drink whose success story parallels that of the nation itself during this century; nearly every scene has a sub-soundtrack originating from that national network of ubiquitous airwaves. These are the menacing shadows that track down the innocent couple.

When the gang pulls into T-Dub's sister-in-law's home, this cascade of dreck seems to represent the measure of all that is vulgar and damned in our national aspirations. Sister-in-law Mattie (Louise Fletcher) and her children live among piles of pulp detective and movieland magazines, which define their entire existence to the point of excluding sexual or familial bonds. Mattie's daughter, an empty-faced girl in spit curls, spends her every moment looking dumbly at her reflection in the mirror as she either practices a few lifeless tap steps in the manner of a lobotomized Shirley Temple or models clothes in slavish but motley imitation of "glamorous" clothing ads. Her aunt, Lula (Ann Latham), is a sexless young woman who is fond of saying, as she absently fiddles with someone's hair or nails, "I just go to beauty school. It's the only thing that's important to me."

All that stands between Bowie and Keechie and this void is his outlaw status and their fragile love for each other. As Carradine and Duvall—until now two of the lesser-known lights of Altman's film-to-film stock company—play their roles, the defeat becomes a gradual one, wrenching their stringy bodies and blank faces from moment to moment, like a sadistic sequence of electric shocks delivered by an invisible executioner. Carradine and Duvall are great, but the demands of Altman's film turn them into screen personalities quite unlike the kind of which legends are normally made. They don't take over the film so much as surrender steadily to its blanketing pallor.

Out of blind trust, Bowie, like so many movie gangsters, ultimately walks into a police ambush devised by a so-called friend. But in *Thieves Like Us*, the greatest violence is the bloodless variety that happens every day without the aid of firearms—that of the American crowd which stamps out individuality wherever it might grow. Only twice in the whole movie does Altman show us the crowd itself at close range—once, during a bank robbery, when a parade of rag-tag children trails behind a lady giving out free drinks from the back of a Coca-Cola truck; then, later, at the movie's end.

Bowie is dead now and Keechie is at a railroad station, ready to take the first train that comes along, no matter where it might be going. As she climbs up the stone steps that lead to the tracks, faceless men and women fill in the space around her; in no more than a second we lose Keechie in the mob of passengers going nowhere in particular. Suddenly—jarringly—Altman jerks the action into slow motion. It's a flourish that seems superfluous at first, then shocking—for that slow motion we associate with the bloodbaths of other movies is here reserved for the bland lockstep of a society of strangers. And, as the crowd begins to fade from view, the rantings and ravings of a station radio we have been hearing throughout the scene come into relief. It is Father Coughlin's voice we are hearing, it turns out, kneeding the huddled masses into the warped spell of yet another mindless delusion.

In these graphic terms Altman makes Keechie's fate the most degrading of all, for she has become part of an anonymous and twisted national soul far more impoverished than that of any deprived outcast of an economic depression. Yes, we are more sophisticated than Keechie was, and brighter, too, but that's not the point. Altman is a man of our time above all else. What he says in *Thieves Like Us*, and what he understands better than any other American filmmaker, is that happy days are not—and never have been—here again.

McQ. There's something vaguely appealing about John Wayne's serene performance in this otherwise routine cops-and-robbers-and-heroin picture. With his dull toupee and the flab that hangs over his belt and under his eyes. The Duke breathes the exhaustion of an entire career into his every movement. Onward he plods, the same legend, only now equipped with a new-fangled gun that can kill everybody in sight in a matter of seconds. (Not fair, Duke!) Colleen Dewhurst, lately of Broadway's *Moon for the Misbegotten,* allows our hero to rest his spurs in her B-girl bedroom one night; the civility of their fleeting affection (they screw off-camera) has a leathery warmth that takes us back to another time. But not, alas, for long.

Rhinoceros. In this American Film Theatre production of Eugene Ionesco's absurdist comedy about the herdlike tendency of modern civilization, the biggest beast in town seems to be director Tom O'Horgan. Mr. O'H, who is best known for his stage productions of *Hair* and *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, here reveals no sense of taste or style; his movie, which has moved the French play to an American setting, is part naturalistic, part surrealistic—or at least what passes for surrealistic in these heady times. There is a dream sequence that is so tacky and pointless one wonders if it might not be an interior decorator's conception of an afternoon in hell. Dreams or no dreams, this movie is boring in that numbing way only the very worst movies are. Unfortunately, O'Horgan takes Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, Karen Black and Ionesco himself down with him to these hideously shallow depths.

TV

Sonny and Cher's clap problem

By Stuart Werbin

And then they say
your hair's too long,
But I don't care,
with you I can't do wrong. *

The father sings, prodding his four-year-old daughter to accompany him. It seems like something nervously close to child molesting. A look of horror splashes through the kid's teary eyes, but locked in the dark firmness of her father's arms she dog-paddles through the last lines of the song she probably sang so sweetly just last week on daddy's knee in the sitting room.

Well I don't know why that's true,
'Cause you got me,
baby, I got you,
Babe *

This is not a bit from the local quarter semifinal of a live community audition Sunday morning amateur half hour. This is the closing scene from America's favorite variety program—*The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*—and the horrified little girl who can't find the comedic highpoints of the last segment is Chastity Bono, called upon here to sing with Daddy because we are told Mommy has a sore throat. Followers of the couple's battles in Hollywood gossip columns search for implications behind Cher's disability. Can't sing. Sore throat. Did Sonny take a fungo bat to her Adam's apple?

I got you, Babe *

Even if Cher's really walking around with 102-degree flu buzzed out on a fifth of Vick's cough suppressant, it's no excuse to humiliate little Chastity. It's not the kid's fault that the first 59 minutes of Mommy and Daddy's comedy hour reeked from death rattle.

Death Rattle? Are you kidding? Sonny and Cher are in their prime. The 12th-highest rated show over all (Carole Burnett is 25, Flip Wilson is 39 and Dean Martin is 43). Sonny and Cher are the Queen and Prince Phillip of Wednesday night. What Death Rattle? Where?

Just because you don't hear something doesn't mean it's not there. Why would they be turning the volume of the laugh track up to Led Zeppelin megalevels if they weren't trying to hide something? I've often found an inverse proportion to volume and quality in television fare. When programs being performed in front of live audiences get into trouble, the actors tend to raise their own volumes. When Archie starts hitting top decibel in the first five minutes and Edith is caught in shrill, you can be sure they're dealing with a weak rehash of an old script. *All in the Family* has been approximately 12 percent louder this season, and there's early death rattle concealed here regardless of the fact that they're still Number 1. Shows that are taped compensate by turning up the clap machine. Shows that are collages of tape, recorded before real and imagined audiences like *Sonny and Cher*, turn everything up.

Since Sonny and Cher's arrival as a summer replacement three seasons ago, much experimentation in post *Laugh-In* tape technology has proven fruitful. The triple image and the highly sophisticated animated backdrops have become trademarks. But recently the reliance on hocus-pocus has become acute. The reason for this seems most evidently to be

Sonny and Cher: "Hostility, competition and tense sexual aggression."

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the fact that Sonny and Cher's inspiration to each other has become minimal, their comic collaboration has ceased expansion, has, in fact, reached a level of tense hostility which it can't transcend, and their usefulness to each other is running out. In retrospect it seems that the pursuit of the inevitable is finally coming due. Hostility, competition and tense sexual aggression are the building blocks of their put-down art. These same elements now pour over into their personal lives, where there is no push-button clap to mute the bitterness.

As a songwriter, Sonny Bono has, since the release of "I Got You Babe" in 1965, maintained the reputation of a master thief. That is, somebody who could figure out the most valuable elements of a hit song and borrow them for a song of his own. All the elements of his comedy act come from somewhere else. However, the manner in which he and Cher combine and emphasize these elements renders an original act, one that bares the seeds of its own destruction.

Cher is somewhat of a rare personality. She is every girl's funny-sardonic girlfriend made good. Men like to look at her but not as much as women do, a fact that *Vogue* and *Women's Wear Daily* will attest to. The records she puts out on her own, even though they contain some of the worst lyrics imaginable ("Give her a feather, she's a Cherokee," from "Halfbreed") still greatly outsell any of Sonny's efforts. The husband worked his way into the wife's act as the fall guy. Sure Durante took abuse for his snoot and Rooney for his lack of height—but neither took it constantly, as Sonny does, from his towering wife. It's a chronic battle for Sonny to balance his ego with his checkbook, and he's showing signs of stress. Neither the clap machine nor little Chastity show enough real energy to sooth the fault line gnawing through the Bonos' high-income property. They're at the top now with no place to go but down—and they run with a crowd that moves fast.

MUSIC

The latest, self-assured Carly Simon album should sell like *Hotcakes*

By Janet Maslin

Hotcakes is not only Carly Simon's best album—it's *good*, which comes as a real surprise to me. I've never been a fan of hers, and as a matter of fact Carly's popularity has always struck me as one of the great rock-and-roll mysteries, on a par with the success of, say, Roberta Flack. So maybe I like *Hotcakes* for all the wrong reasons, such as its successful camouflaging of Carly's weaknesses. One way or the other I do like it, that's for sure.

Left to her own devices, Carly is still capable of dreaming up a grating, unsingable line like "it's hip to be miserable when you're young and in-tell-ect-u-al," then using it over and over as a refrain, thereby suggesting she actually thinks it's good. But her shortcomings as a lyricist take a definite back seat to her voice this time around, and in Carly's case the voice is what counts. She could always sing tough, a la "You're So Vain"; she does that here on "Mockingbird" and "I Think I'm Gonna Have a Baby." But what she couldn't do in the past was to sing gently without sounding ungainly. Affecting a little girl's whisper, she simply couldn't do justice to a grown woman's feelings. Now she suddenly sounds calmer, less driven, more self-assured than ever before, and so *Hotcakes*' most moving moments are the quiet ones, the ones that draw their strength from her new serenity.

"Forever My Love" is a lovely collaborative effort from Carly and her husband, James Taylor; the title may be a mite cloying, but Carly turns it into something sweetly straightforward, without any of the pushiness that marred so much of her previous work. "Mind on My Man" is the nicest thing she's ever written, pretty and ingratiating as can be. And "Haven't Got Time for the Pain," co-authored by Carly and her longtime partner, Jacob Brackman, is one of those subtly catchy pop ballads that inches its way under your skin and stays there for months. That's a quality it shares with such AM radio bigtimers as "Killing Me Softly with His Song" and "It's Too Late." I wouldn't be at all surprised if it winds up sharing their success, either.

Carly Simon: "The voice is what counts."

However, the first hit single from *Hotcakes* will be "Mockingbird," and in a way that's a shame. This is James' update of another update (by Inez and Charlie Foxx) of the old lullabye (as in "Mama's gonna buy you a . . ."). And what with James and Carly trading off vocal parts, plus Robbie Robertson, Dr. John et.al. in the background, "Mockingbird" is the headiest mixture of woman, man, band and material since "You're So Vain." But I've heard it on the air a couple of times already, and if the disc jockey isn't calling it a hit-to-be by James *and* Carly he's mentioning Richard Perry, who produced *Hotcakes* (and Carly's *No Secrets* before it). This is really too bad, because if anyone deserves the credit for the album's progress it is surely the lady herself and not her undeniably talented helpmates.

Above all, the thing that's made her such a new, improved Carly this time is her willingness to lay off taking things so seriously. There's only one awkward state-of-the-world tune here ("Safe and Sound"), and even that one is bailed out by her vocal and by a few bright flashes of humor. "Older Sister" is full of relaxed self-mockery and is a joy. All through the album, the less self-important her subject the better she sounds.

Bearing that in mind, the title cut makes for one of Carly's loosest, friendliest performances ever. I'm still not sure whether it's about breakfast or about how briskly the album can be expected to sell. But either way, she's got the right idea.

Can't Get No Grindin' *Muddy Waters* (Chess). This eminently listenable, lively rocker is bluesmaster McKinley Morganfield's best new material release in years. Though the cover lists no personnel, James Cotton himself makes those harp wails, Pinetop is on blues piano and harpsichord and there's a fine rhythm section. Muddy's guitar is a throwback to the days before the energy crisis. Best tracks: "Garbage Man" and the title tune, a steal from the late Memphis Minnie's "What's the Matter with the Mill?" but great anyway.**—Anton J. Mikofsky**

Robert Pete Williams (Ahura Mazda, Arhoolie, Fantasy, Takoma). A great and primitive Louisiana country singer/guitarist, Pete Williams was discovered in prison and recorded there, and on parole doing farm labor, by Dr. Harry Oster. Unfortunately, those classic 1959–60 albums on Folk-Lyric and Prestige Bluesville, went out of print. Now Arhoolie and Fantasy, respectively, have bought and reissued them. Later Pete albums (Takoma '66, Ahura Mazda '70) show an evolving, maturing performer writing new songs about new experiences since his pardon, granted in time for him to play the 1964 Newport Festival, his first trip out of his home state. A diamond in the rough.**—A.J.M.**

Ship Ahoy *O'Jays* (Columbia).Whenever you hear the names Gamble and Huff, writers and producers, you automatically expect to find the best of "the Philly sound." They've put it together for Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes ("The Love I Lost"),Billie Paul, The Intruders, et. al. The O'Jays are also part of that funky sound. They've scored big in the past with their dynamic side "Love Train," and their new album, *Ship Ahoy,* is definitely too hot to handle. "Put Your Hands Together," a solid jumpin' tune, has placed number 3 on the charts; and when the smoke clears the O'Jays' mindblowin' "For the Love of Money" has got to be a top. This tune is so mean it will have you dancing even if you can't. Wow, imagine that!**—Cynthia Wilson**

It's Been A Long Time *The New Birth* (RCA). Coming out of Louisville, Ky., ten soulful men and one sensuous female blend their individual charms and distinctive sounds to form a singing style that is as powerful as a kilo of dynamite. With four years, eight albums and a string of explosive hits ("I Can Understand It"), they can hardly be called "New" Birth. Fireworks from their newest album come from their rendition of "Wild Flower," but that still doesn't top the title tune, "It's Been A Long Time." Lead singer Leslie Wilson mesmerizes the senses with his dynamite delivery. New Birth are top-draw pros and will sho' nuff have to be reckoned with.**—C.W.**

Switched on Bach, Vol. 2 *Walter Carlos* (Columbia). *SOB 1* was an instant sensation when it hit the musical scene in 1967. Since then, it has sold 1 million copies, making it one of the best-selling classical LPs of all time. Walter Carlos' use of the Moog synthesizer to recreate a baroque orchestra for Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3* dazzled, delighted and even dismayed. *SOB 2* ought to do even better, for Carlos has come a long way. Gone are the rigid rhythms and literalness of *SOB 1*. Now, in the *Fifth Brandenburg*, his Moog "harpsichord" has such rhythmic flexibility and nuance as to make the cadenza sound positively romantic! Felicities abound on both sides of the disc, and no one should deny himself the pleasures of the "badinerie" from the *Orchestral Suite No. 2* and the "musette" from *Anna Magdalena B's Notebook.***—Eric Kisch**

Inside Out *Eddie Henderson* (Capricorn). If Miles Davis is bored, as he said recently, by Eddie Henderson's trumpet work, it may be because he's heard it all before–on his own records. Indeed, Eddie must cover at least two decades of Miles' career in the course of this album. But other than that it's a pretty good record, featuring Herbie Hancock and most of his superb, recently disbanded sextet playing under Henderson but sounding as sound as ever. It has some marvelous Benny Maupin reed work and Buster Williams bass and, despite the Miles Retrospective, is worth having.**—Peter Occhiogrosso**

Essence To Essence *Donovan* (Epic). Backed by a horde of certifiable all-stars (Russ Kunkel, Leland Sklar, Nicky Hopkins, Carole King, Craig Doerge, et. al.) and beautifully produced by Andrew Oldham, Donovan comes up with his most listenable collection in ages and perhaps his most musically ambitious, too. However, his lyrics ("Do be kind to your vegetable friends"), vocals (lots of falsetto this time) and general attitude remain cloying as ever. You either take Donovan ultra-seriously or not at all. "Yellow Star" seems to be attempted reggae, and in "Life Goes On" he positively *chirps* about a broken heart. I don't know why, but I like him anyway.**—Janet Maslin**

Tubular Bells *Mike Oldfield* (Virgin). Has been out for quite some time now, but it's currently rocketing up the charts thanks to a big commercial boost from William Friedkin, who used about two minutes' worth of Mike Oldfield's 48½-minute one-man-show as a closing theme for *The Exorcist*. A complex range of background sounds–everything from soothing guitar to diabolical banshee howls–should interest just about anyone. Possessed fans solely interested in the movie score material can find it right at the opening of Side One.**—J.M.**

Grievous Angel *Gram Parsons* (Warner Brothers). His posthumous collection is generally nondescript, and constant background singer Emmylou Harris has a whiny sound. But Parsons did see fit to record Boudleaux Bryant's exquisite "Love Hurts," and that's sufficient raison d'etre for almost *any* album. Parsons' version is fluid, if a mite tame; he's at his best with more spirited material, like "In My Hour of Darkness."**—J.M.**

Different Drum *Linda Ronstadt* (Capitol). This collection of reissues marks a fitting finale to Ronstadt's Capitol phase, as curiously selected as all her albums on that label have been. Set ranges all the way from her heartbreaking "Long, Long Time" (her only real hit single) to a version of Laura Nyro's "Stoney End" that's stoney awful. Also included: the obligatory title cut from her Stone Poneys days, a nice Mike Nesmith tune, weak mawkish covers of songs by Liv Taylor and Bob Dylan, a really rousing "High Muddy Water." Conspicuously missing: any of her loud, raw, abrasive numbers, of which Capitol has many in its vaults. And that's what Linda does best.**—J.M.**

THEATER

Impressions of America: squirrels, critics and claques

By Janine Coyle

"The failure of your critics is that they don't understand Shakespeare," Ian Richardson, the British actor, is telling me. "They prefer to keep him in a glass museum case, safe from modern time." Richardson is in New York with the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *Richard II* and we are sitting on lawn chairs shaded by a jonquil-yellow umbrella inside the Gramercy Park Hotel. After a grueling three weeks of nightly alternating, with actor Richard Pasco, the roles of Richard and Bolingbroke, he is fatigued—and angry. "Your critics," he continues, "they accused us of being contrived. Of course we're contrived. Shakespeare lives for us as O'Neill lives for you. We're forever changing and experimenting. Don't you think Will did, too?"

It is a commitment to change and experiment that helps make the Royal Shakespeare Company one of the finest repertory theaters in the world. In its current stay at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the company has proven how much richer theater is when there's an innovative blend of classical and contemporary drama. All of its productions—from Shakespeare to a new play built upon the works of Sylvia Plath—emphasize those elements of life that transcend time and place. "We chose *Richard II*," Richardson says, "because of its striking similarity to your current political chaos. The play tells the tragedy of a king no longer fit to rule—one whose very wrongdoings, as Shakespeare wrote, made a once conquering nation a 'shameful conquest of itself.' It's all there. But they [critics] missed it."

And even more disturbing than the poor reviews were the raucous boos that disrupted the close of each performance. "At first we couldn't imagine American audiences being so rude," says Richard Pasco, who has joined us after a "brisk turn" around the park. "We soon learned this was an organized claque of disgruntled American actors protesting the presence of British players." Apparently, the dissenters gained easy unpaid access through "Exit" doors opened in anticipation of the final curtain. And when I check later, I learn that Pasco's allegation is correct. These were U.S. Shakespearean actors out of work, and obviously out of

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sorts.

While the critics and claques have been bothersome, both British actors have loved the American audiences. "They're more alert," Pasco says. "They listen. They know when to laugh, and they give us standing ovations–that's unheard of back home."

"British theatergoers clap, too," defends Richardson, "but gently, with gloved hands."

Richardson pauses and offers another impression of America. "I set off for a stroll this morning, biscuits in each pocket," he says. "One of your typically starving squirrels quickly spotted me. So I crumbled bits of cookie and tossed them to him. 'What the hell are you doin'?' someone said. 'My dear lady,' I said, 'I'm feeding one of your starving squirrels.' 'You must be a fuckin' Englishman,' she said. 'Only a fuckin' Englishman would be crazy enough to feed the squirrels.' "

Late morning sunshine pours into the hotel parlor. "It's still very early for us," Pasco says, apologizing for his drowsiness. "We performed last night and today must play a matinee and an evening show." In between performances both have been teaching seminars at Brooklyn College. "And we're rehearsing, as well," says Richardson. "At most we play *Richard II* twice a week in Stratford. Here we perform six evenings and two afternoons. Wouldn't you be exhausted, my dear?" Before I can answer, he has another question. "Did you see *Marat/Sade* in '65?" I had. "Well," he says, "you saw more of me then than you're ever likely to see again." In that play he portrayed a paranoiac who sits naked in a bathtub.

Richard Pasco as Shakespeare's Richard II.

Critics here and abroad cheered Richardson's work in *Marat/Sade*, one of the long list of successes that convinced him to leave the Royal Shakespeare Company several years ago "for much more money." But while appearing on London's West End in a musical version of Pinero's play *Trelawney* last season, he received a copy of *King Lear* from a fan during intermission. "I began to read the familiar lines and suddenly knew I had to get back to the Royal Shakespeare Company. It's like eating hamburger and suddenly craving a juicy T-bone steak." His Richard II is strictly haute-cuisine–his voice as sinfully rich as mousse au chocolat.

Pasco excuses himself to prepare for the trek out to Brooklyn. "Must run upstairs and say goodbye to my wife," he says. I promise to return for my third look at *Richard II* and ask whether I can count on their return next year. Absolutely–if British Caledonian Airways and Brooklyn College continue to support the festival. Three years of meticulous planning by Brooklyn Academy of Music director Harvey Lichtenstein has laid the groundwork for a unique opportunity to exchange outstanding theater events on a regular basis. "There's a man with a dream–a marvelous, marvelous man you should all pay attention to," says Richardson and he dashes out after a cab . . . or a starving squirrel.

BOOKS

Harry Truman tells Merle Miller what kind of President he *wanted* to be

By Brock Bower

Plain Speaking. An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman *by Merle Miller*, published by Berkley Publishing Corporation, distributed by G.P. Putnam's Sons, 448 pp., $8.95.

When I first picked up this "oral biography," I was afraid–being natively suspicious of any tapes, even when ungapped–that my increasingly favorite modern President was about to be reduced down to one more of the Children of Sanchez. How wrong I was. What Merle Miller has done in *Plain Speaking*, by taking the "real words" right out of Harry S. Truman's mouth, is to damn near serve as his Parson Weems.

Not that we don't contribute a bit to the process ourselves. Impossible not to, what with the obvious comparison–even if drawn only once by Miller–constantly before us. Between the ex-President who retired back to his mother-in-law's former home in Independence, Mo., and "carried the grips up to the attic" himself, and the present incumbent who is still trying to tinhorn us into letting him write off San Clemente as a national shrine. It is very much Richard Nixon who makes Harry Truman look presently so legendary. Fine by me. I'll tell it that way to my kids whenever they get tired of Abraham Lincoln stories, but just among ourselves, I'd still advise keeping alert here for a memory grown occasionally mythy.

For instance, we all know how Parson Weems has George Washington respond when asked who chopped down the cherry tree. In Harry Truman's case, a not unlike question is, who chopped down General Douglas A. MacArthur? I did, Harry once again tells Parson Miller, and I ought to have done it two years earlier. If any proof of that assertion is required, there is what Truman has to tell Miller further about the doubts General George C. Marshall expressed at the final, critical moment.

"Yes, he did; he was concerned about the reaction of . . . certain Congressmen, and he wanted to think over what he felt the reaction of the troops would be. And so at the end of the meeting I asked him, I said, 'General, you go over there and you read all the correspondence that's passed between MacArthur and me for the last two years. Then be in my office at 9 in the morning, and if you still feel I shouldn't fire him, I won't.' "

And you wouldn't have, if General Marshall had told you you shouldn't?

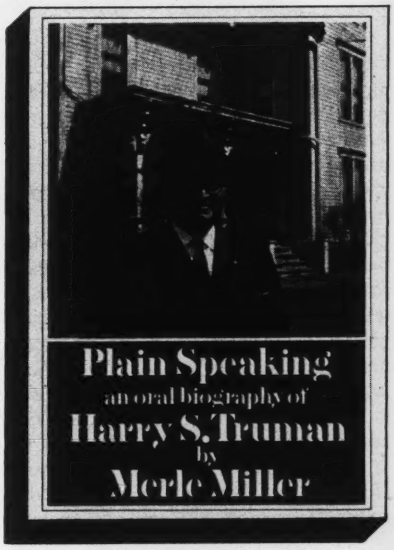
"I've told you. I knew the general very, very well; we'd been through a lot together, and I knew how his mind worked, and there wasn't a doubt in the world in my mind that when he saw what I'd put up with, that he'd agree with me.

"And the next morning at 8:15 when I got to my office, he was out there waiting for me, which was very unusual. General Marshall was usually a punctual man, but he . . . I had never known him to be ahead of time. He worked on a very tight schedule.

"But that morning he looked up at me, and he says, 'I spent most of the night on that file, Mr. President, and you should have fired the son of a bitch two years ago.' "

I *want* to believe every word of this. 'Deed I do. But there hovers a bothersome knowledge that it is really Truman who is always calling MacArthur a son of a bitch, not the dignified, laconic Marshall, still, after all, MacArthur's fellow General Officer. And the emphasis here, as elsewhere, is too folksily much on simply doing the right thing instead of on ever mentioning how the right thing was *plotted* to be done.

To my mind at least, this latter was Truman's real genius. With an assist from Clark Clifford. Even as an old Missouri politician, just as manipulative as the next fella, he always tried to get away with doing something he thought proper, moral and probably Constitutional. Miller has sounded out instead an almost apolitical Truman, never asking him—here's a gap—who tried to chop down the entire steel industry in 1952. Harry's impromptu moralizing in support of that improper, unconstitutional seizure I'd have loved to have heard. Did he then, from among the Justices of the Supreme Court who held solidly against him, add eight more sons of bitches to MacArthur and Drew Pearson?



But I hope it is understood how much I am speaking against my own inclinations toward the man, even against the personal delight I take in his presence in this book. Parson or no, Miller has given us a probing characterology of Truman as a man quite up to the greatness thrust upon him. I was unaware, for example, of the reaches of Truman's learning, in history and biography and even some of the poets, out of the schoolmarmed, Midwest cultural tradition that could still be found then in the Bible Belt. What's more, I was unapprised, beyond his veto of the McCarren Act, of Truman's deep, Jeffersonian belief in basic civil liberties over the McCarthyite hysteria of his years in office. He opposed wire-tapping from the time he was in the Senate, passed word along early to J. Edgar Hoover that he wasn't interested in any "dirt" the FBI might dig up about rival politicians, worried over the "secret government" that might come of the newly formed CIA, backed Dean Acheson to the hilt on his refusal to turn his back on Alger Hiss and even concluded, apropos Hiss's guilt, as he tells Miller here: "They never proved it on him."

Then I have to recall that Truman never uttered any such exculpation while in the White House. What's on the record—especially his Cold War rhetoric against international communism that Miller tries, with half a success, to put in perspective—does not always come up to the courage of what was here, until now, off the record. The truth is that Harry Truman was really telling Miller—even a decade after leaving office—what kind of a President he *wanted* to be. That he came as close as he did, during a Presidency that was in some ways always an upset, amounts to a monumental achievement. And the stuff of legend when he is measured up against the one man in national politics he came to distrust, even despise. And for reasons we're only now beginning to grasp.

Mr. President, you said earlier this morning that you thought General Grant had never read the Constitution. Do you think Mr. Nixon has?

"I don't know. I don't know. But I'll tell you this. If he has, he doesn't understand it."

The Joy of Sex. A Gourmet Guide to Love Making *edited by Alex Comfort, M.B., Ph.D.* (A Fireside Book. Simon & Schuster, paperbound, 253 pp., $4.95). *The Joy of Sex*, now in paperback, is the kind of book you read with your pants open. What you react to, first, are the artsy drawings, in color, of a man (well-hung) and a woman (slender but with bosoms) going through a 30-page sexual exhibition that starts with a six-page striptease and on the seventh page moves to cunnilingus. The pictures are captioned unobtrusively with things like "A woman's greatest asset after her beauty is her natural perfume—it comes from the whole of her, hair, skin, breasts, armpits, genitals." Very comforting, of course, for a woman, after all these years, to be reassured that brains still don't count. . . . The black-and-white line drawings on almost every page after the color spreads are of the same man and woman doing it in just about every way one can imagine. There's text, too. And a great deal of it is both titillating and informative. The authors—an unnamed husband and wife medical team and various experts—may seem a bit preoccupied with tying each other up. They're also into big toes. But aside from that, there is some extremely useful stuff in this book; the section on slow masturbation, for which the man is tied, may not surprise the worldly-but it blew *our* mind, anyway. . . . And there's more and more (including some exotic Eastern prints—reproduced in color—that stir the imagination). In all, considering that over 170,000 copies were sold in hardcover, this paperbound edition ought to sell like hotbooks.—**Anne Schneider**

FINAL TRIBUTE

Sam Goldwyn—the first movie mogul—had 91 years of boffo smash

By Mark Goodman

On an iron winter's day in 1913, a young glove salesman stepped into a Herald Square nickelodeon to warm himself. He watched two reels of Bronco Billy whipping black-hatted villains, stayed to watch again and decided that he would rather be a purveyor of fantasies than gloves. He quickly proposed to his brother-in-law, Jesse Lansky, that they form their own film company. They teamed with an unsuccessful film director named Cecil De Mille to make America's first feature-length movie, *The Squaw Man.* They chose as their location the tacky West Coast town of Hollywood, because the weather was nice there.

So began the legend of Samuel Goldwyn, nee Goldfish, the first of the great movie moguls. Their very names are eloquent epitaphs, flickering before us nightly on the late late show: Mayer, Selznick, Zanuck. They were the most celebrated, the most notorious, of the emigrant and first-generation Jewish tycoons.

The nation's moviegoers cared relatively little about even the biggest of them. The public couldn't get enough of Fairbanks and Pickford, Gable and Harlow, Bogart and Astor. Movies made America a nation awash in its reveries, but it was virtually ignorant of the fact that these reveries were being manipulated by a very few, very powerful magnates. More often than not they lived up to the caricature of the cigar-chomping magnate who traded stars like steers and mercilessly bullied the seemingly invincible figures the nation worshipped.

Sam Goldwyn shone through that clouded firmament of illusion creators. Perhaps it was because he seemed to do everything first, and on a grander scale, and with more pizazz. A short synopsis of his life opens (still-frame) in the Warsaw ghetto in 1882. Cut to a teenage orphan in London, a Jewish Dickens working in blacking-factory jobs. Cut to an older lad sweeping floors in Gloversville, N.Y., then to the nickelodeon. Now let 'em roll and you've got it: 91 years of boffo smash. The passing of Sam Goldwyn last month signaled THE END to an era in which America was content to sit back, relax and allow such men to bathe it in its myths. Mythology, after all, is a soft wrap of incense and velvet, and reality is painfully keen these days.

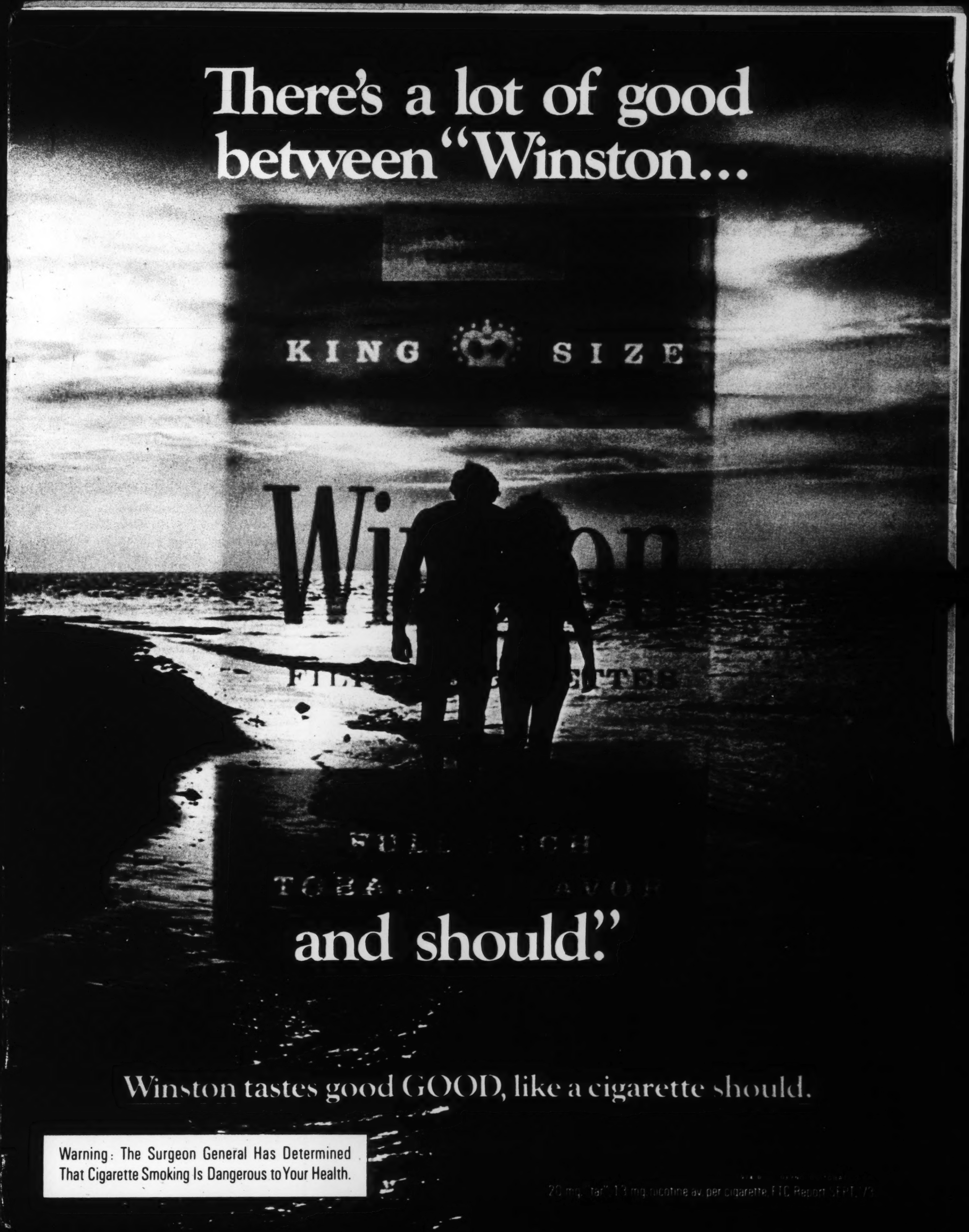
Goldwyn was himself a sentimentalist, but not a cheesy one. He perceived early on that the public would pay for quality entertainment, and he was willing to pay for quality. In 1917 he paid actress Mary Garden the scandalous sum of $15,000 a week: the star system was born.

Goldwyn merged early with Metro Pictures, the progenitor of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But Sam had to call all the shots; he left to become an independent producer before an MGM film ever lighted a screen. Nor did independent mean to Sam Goldwyn hustling Wall Street for movie money; he bankrolled his own show. He hired the best writers, directors and actors in the business; he took turns coddling, coaxing and cursing them, and in the tumultuous process evoked the best they were capable of giving. As Ben Hecht once put it, "Sam's style was that of an irritated man shaking a slot machine."

And lo, the silver that poured forth: He produced, with what became known as "the Goldwyn touch," more than 70 films.

Sam was ever larger than his pictures, though—largely through his own public-realtions efforts. He spoke to all the strategic columnists in an argot that has left nearly as deep an imprint on American culture as his films: the Goldwinism. The malaprop raised to art form. The scrambled syntax that somehow emerged as brittle folk wisdom. Such as: "Anyone who sees a psychiatrist should have his head examined."

Goldwyn's life defined an epoch in filmmaking, and his death closed it. Goldwyn gone is an instant dinosaur; the Big Picture these days is made by petroleum companies and car rental agencies. I suspect that film history will have little to say of the voluptuous touch of Kinney or Gulf & Western upon our amber emotions and silver dreams. But of Sam Goldwyn? Well, it will never be able to obey his most emphatic dictum: "Include me out." ●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To Shelley, the bail bondsman, who gets people out from behind bars and keeps me in them.

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

HERE IS SHELLEY CHEVLOWE running across Queens Boulevard. He is running with tremendous knee action. My heart soars as he runs.

I am in the saloon on the corner, looking out the window and watching Shelley run across Queens Boulevard, which is in Queens, where I live. Usually, he sits in his bail bonds office a few doors down from the bar and he looks like he belongs in Schwartz's Funeral Home. Sunken eyes, face grey, chest caved in. Thirty nine years old, he might as well be a hundred.

Now as he runs, he grows bigger with each stride. Shelley Chevlowe was running like this because he was going over to court to bail people out.

He would get money for this.

Money goes directly into Shelley Chevlowe's bloodstream.

Even better, some of the money was coming into my pocket this time.

I spent the last couple of years working on a long fiction book to be called *World Without End, Amen.* While I was at it, I bumped into a literary problem I never knew existed. I do not write as good as I think I do.

The book took a year longer than it should have. I went broke among the adverbs.

After I finished trying to write every day I went down to this bar on Queens Boulevard and had a couple of drinks. Scotch,...The Professor. When I was first around saloons, the old men used to come in from the race track and say, "Give me the Professor." They meant Teacher's.

While I sat in the bar, I waited for Shelley Chevlowe to come up with some money I could borrow.

Writers usually find an old lady in a button sweater and turn her into a patron of the arts. I used a bail bondsman to finance my novel. A bail bondsman is supposed to be an evil line of work. The trouble with a bail bondsman in Queens is that he doesn't get a chance to be evil often enough.

At first, on this one day last February, it looked like all of Queens had become honest, Shelley Chevlowe withered, sat in his office. I was broke in the bar.

At this moment, a team of detectives banged on the door of a house and a woman named Laura answered.

"Bulls!" Laura said.

There was much commotion inside. The detectives said everybody was under arrest on charges of stealing heavy construction equipment.

Out in Laura's backyard there was a yellow bulldozer.

"Where did you get the caterpillar from?" a detective asked Laura.

"Who caterpillar?" Laura said.

"The caterpillar in your backyard."

"So step on it with your shoe," Laura said.

As the 12 people arrested reached court on Queens Boulevard, each voice called out, "Get me ahold of a bail bondsman."

And so late in the day here was Shelley Chevlowe running across to the courthouse.

At the bar, I told Sy the bartender to break out the Professor—the Teacher's.

And then here came Shelley Chevlowe running back from the courthouse, back with the money. He was so tall and so thick that I was afraid he would hurt me as he swept into the saloon.

I could tell he had enough in his pocket to get me through to the end of my book.

When Shelley calmed down, we had a drink on that. The Professor.

TEACHER'S
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